

THE
PERJUR'D DEVOTEE:
OR THE
FORCE of LOVE.
A
COMEDY.

Daniel Bellamy.

Hei mihi quod nullis Amor est medicabilis Herbis!
OVID.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXLI.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir TOBY TESTY,	Father to <i>Valentine</i> and <i>Charlotte</i> .
Sir PAUL PLIANT,	Father to <i>Beaufort</i> , <i>Silvia</i> , and <i>Olivia</i> .
VALENTINE,	Sir <i>Toby</i> 's Son, privately married to <i>Silvia</i> .
WORTHY,	<i>Valentine</i> 's Friend in Love with <i>Olivia</i> .
Capt. BEAUFORT,	Real Son to Sir <i>Paul</i> , in Love with <i>Charlotte</i> .
TIMOTHY	Supposed Son to Sir <i>Paul</i> .
PEDANT,	Tutor to <i>Timothy</i> .
PLOTWELL,	<i>Valentine</i> 's Man.
SNAPSACK,	<i>Plotwell</i> 's Engine.

W O M E N.

SILVIA, Privately married to <i>Valentine</i> ,	} Daughters to Sir <i>Paul</i> .
OLIVIA,	
CHARLOTTE,	Daughter to Sir <i>Toby</i> .
LUCY,	<i>Silvia</i> 's Maid.
BETTY,	<i>Olivia</i> 's Maid.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

WORTHY's Lodgings.

WORTHY in his Night-gown.

Wor. **I** Wonder *Valentine* comes not to his Appointment! How painfully the lazy Minutes pass away, when a Man's in Expectation! Expectation is the Pest of Life in every Condition. The happy Man, in Expectation of some promised Bliss, anticipates his Joys, and meets his *Juno* in a Cloud; the unfortunate, in Expectation of some sad Event, sits trembling at the falling Blow, and multiplies his Miseries: It palls our Pleasures, but our Pains it doubles.

Enter

Enter Beaufort.

Boou. What! at thy Soliloquies already this Morning, *Worthy*? But I cannot blame thee, I was at them two Hours ago myself: I find by daily Experience, that Solitude to a Man in Love, is like Water to a Man in a Fever, both equally desired, and equally baneful; therefore, prithee follow my Example; dress and abroad; and if you must think of your Mistress, do it o'er the sparkling Glass, and never whine and pine by thyself thus, like a Dog in an empty Buttery.

Wor. Why, with what Assurance canst thou put on this Air of Gaiety? Hast thou forgot the Figure thou mad'st thyself the other Morning, when *Valentine* and I caught the walking up and down thy Chamber bare-headed, in thy Night-gown, one Stocking on, and the other off; a Song half finish'd lying by on the Table; a Pinch of Snuff in one Hand, and in the other, the distressful Tale of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*?

Beau. And now I think I am even with you. —Poor *Worthy*! I pity thee with all my Heart. What! Is not *Olivia* kind? Why, thou look'st as demure and pensive, as an Old Woman at a Conventicle; and as sour, and illnatur'd, as that original Tub-Preacher *Diogenes*. Whether you stand or walk, 'tis in a puny, fighting Posture, with your Arms a-cross, like Squire *Slender*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Thou look'st as if thou had'st not eat this Twelve-month, and as a meagre, and as Chap-fall'n, as the Knight of the woful Countenance. Thou wer't wont, when thou laugh'dst, to crow like a Cock, to vie in Gaiety with Sir *Harry Wildair*; never to fast, but presently after Dinner; and if thou wer't ever melancholic. 'twas for Want of Money. In short——

Enter

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, Gentlemen. Nay, let me not divert your Purpose, good Captain; I heard you holding forth most powerfully, and all for *Worthy's* Edification.

Beau. I confess I meant it well; but he takes wholesome Advice, as most Sinners do, very awkwardly; I've little Hopes of him.

Wor. Dear *Valentine*, thou com'st in Time to rescue me; I was in Pain till I saw thee. Well! How stand Affairs? The Affairs of Matrimony? Will peaceable Politics ward off the Blow, or must Rebellion be the Word?

Val. Oh *Ned*! I've flown upon the Wings of Joy, to tell thee Fortune smiles, and all the Day's our own.

Wor. Is it possible?

Val. Possible! I tell thee Fortune and I are Friends, and from this Moment, I forgive her all my Torments past. A golden Prospect lies before me, and endless Scenes of ravishing Delight rise to my View. All past and present is lost in that which is to come, in rich Ideas of eternal Love, and mighty Joys yet undiscover'd, and untasted, in the Arms of *Silvia*: Our Story shall be Admiration and Example to Posterity; and Ages yet unborn, shall tell the Joys, and the Distress, the Hopes, and Fears; and praise in each the Love, and Constancy of *Valentine* and *Silvia*.

Wor. And *Worthy* and *Olivia*! Ha! must it not be so?

Val. Oh! thine will be a flat, insipid, matrimonial Scene, confin'd to Rules and Laws; the least of which transgress'd, the beauteous Prospect ceases, the pretty Symetry we so admir'd, is confus'd; and nothing but Deformity ensues.

Wor.

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Wor. You make your Rule too general, *Valentine*. Matrimony is a Coat that fits with different Airs, on different Shapes: The finest Dress in the World will never make the Deform'd beautiful; nor the meanest, make the Beautiful deform'd. Matrimony is like a well-dispos'd Landscape, where Woods and Groves appear in all the Pride of Spring: The limpid Streams wind here and there, and seem to murmur as they run, and every Thing combines to make a perfect Harmony. The lovely Paradise cheers all the feather'd Choir: They seem enamour'd with their Station, and sensible of their happy Lot, hop prettily from Bough to Bough, and express their Satisfaction in their Songs; while Lyons, Tygers, and the Beasts of Prey, regardless of the beauteous Scene, insensible to all the Harmony of Nature, run growling thro' the Woods, intent alone on Blood and Rapine: Every Thing is not the same to every one: What I believe would make me the happiest of my Sex, might possibly make a Wretch of you.

Val. But Heav'n be prais'd, the Danger is all over; and I cannot but have too-great a Sense of my own fortunate Deliverance, to stand indolent and careless on the Shore, and see my Friend perish in the Storm that I've escap'd, and not do my best to save him. Oh! *Ned*, take thy Friend's Advice, and avoid Matrimony; it dulls the Edge and Appetite of Love. Confinement and Restraint make a Prison of a Palace; and forc'd Obedience prompts an *Englishman* as naturally to rebel, as the Noise of a Fiddle does my Lord *Tiptoe* to dance. The God of Love has therefore wisely chose to rule o'er generous, unsuspecting Subjects, such as dare trust their Prince without a *Magna Charta* for their Liberties:

Liberties: He disdains the formal Obligations of the Marriage Vow; 'tis a dull Clog upon his Prerogative, and looks like an Original Contract.

Wor. Prithee cease thy Railing; it never makes a Convert, and I am Proof against Conviction any way. But pray, go on, and tell me what happy Accident has wrought this Change, and laid Foundation for all the Happiness you talk of.

Val. Well! I see good Counsel's thrown away upon thee; but prithee remember, I have done the Part of a Friend; and when the Yoke begins to gall and wring, don't kick, and winch, and whine, and say, you had not fair Warning giv'n you. But to the Purpose. Last Night the Lady *Lurewell* gave a Ball, where, according to her splendid Custom, all was Magnificence and Gallantry: The Room of Entertainment was adorn'd with wondrous Art, express'd by a thousand various Posies, fragrant and beautiful as the first Spring of Paradise: The sprightly Music ravish'd every Ear, and gladden'd every Heart; all Things conspir'd to give a rich Satiety to every Sense; and least the Vigour of each Sense should not suffice for its Enjoyment, ever and anon the cluster'd Grapes of *Burgundy* afforded Spirits for Refreshment; but so full and fine a Company I hardly ever saw before: Beauty appear'd in all its gay Variety, and strove to out-do itself. *Silvia* was there; myself was also an invited Guest; when in the midst of all our Mirth and Jollity, unexpectedly appears my Father; and in a most particular Gaiety of Temper, unknown in him before, after, many formal Apologies for his Intrusion, and Excuses drawn from the Occasion, fairly invites all the honour'd Assembly to grace his Son *Valentine's* Wedding with Sir *Paul Pliant's* Daughter, as this Day.

Wor.

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Wor. How! To-day? O say, what Angel has prevented it? Or is it still to be, and com'st thou now t'insult me on the curs'd Occasion?

Val. Have Patience, if 'tis possible, and hear me out. Not only my Father's Speech, and the Manner of it, but ev'n the Subject itself (of which before I had not the least Intimation) was so surprising to me, that of a sudden, I seem'd depriv'd of Life and Motion, and I believe was the Jest of the Company for my Pains; but all were soon surpriz'd; for hearing what had past, poor *Silvia* swooned: Judge then the Hurry and Confusion of my Soul; careless of my Father's Presence, and of the hundred Eyes that gaz'd and wondred at the Scene; thoughtless of every Thing but Love and *Silvia*, I ran and caught her in my Arms, and cry'd, my charming *Silvia*! Oh! whither would thy fearful Spirits fly? Revive and bless me, or I perish too. With much ado she was recover'd, when I took Leave of the Company, waited on her Home, and left the old Man to go his Way, and chew the Cud by himself.

Wor. You've seen him since, I presume.

Val. No: Though I have neither purposely avoided, nor fought him, Fortune has not yet flung me in his Way.

Wor. How know you then that this Accident has had the good Effect you boast of?

Val. Oh! very well; you may be sure that Gossip *Fame* was very industrious in her Calling upon this Occasion; besides, my Lady *Tattle* was there and saw it all, who, I hear, immediately made some Pretence of leaving the Company, and so tir'd her Coach-horses before she could finish her Business, that they had much ado to draw her Home. Among
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the Rest of her Acquaintance, she made a Visit to Sir *Paul* himself; and this Morning, as my Man *Plotwell* tells me, he has made my Father an early Visit; seem'd as full of ponderous Cogitation, deep Concern, and wondrous Perturbation of Mind, as if the *Turks* had ravish'd the Lady of *Loretto*, and Stocks in *Exchange-Alley* had fallen 10 per Cent. upon the News; and after some short Discourse, wherein warm Words were over-heard, he went his Way, and presently a Whisper run thro' all the Family that the Match was quite broke off; and now I hope you are of the same Opinion.

Wor. I wish it may prove so; but methinks all the Towers of Joy, and Castles of Assurance you have built, have their Foundation only in Probability.

Val. Prithee what's the Matter with thee to-day, that thou art so much upon cross Purposes? Thou wilt neither follow good Advice, nor believe good News. However, a Turn tow'rd's Sir *Paul's* will give you full Satisfaction.

Wor. No, thou know'st I dare not be seen there myself; but your Man *Plotwell* may have free Access, and unsuspected sift out the Truth of all.

Val. Agreed.—But I have News for you Captain, not altogether so welcome.

Beau. That *Charlotte* frowns? That the dear charming Maid's insensible of Love, careless of all my Pains, and deaf to all my Prayers? I know it well, you can have nothing worse to tell me.

Val. That's more than you know; at least methinks you might have Patience to hear whether I have or no.

Beau. Oh! I have worn her cruel Fetters long; unpitied sigh'd, and told my Sufferings to a relentless Heart; can any Thing be worse than this?

Val.

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Val. You shall judge: Sir *Paul* has receiv'd Advice of his Son *Timothy's* Arrival from *Holland*, and expects him in Town this Morning. You know the Old Man's Design of matching him to my Sister, as soon as he arrives, which in all Probability they'll put in Execution notwithstanding my Match is broke off: Therefore now you're aware of the Danger, you had best endeavour to prevent a Surprise.

Beau. I thank you for the Advice with all my Heart; but what can I do of myself? Oh! could I hope——

Val. Ha, ha, he! poor *Beaufort*, you are a fine Master indeed, to correct in *Worthy* what wants the same Correction in yourself.—But, Faith, you Lovers are all of a Piece, all guilty of the same Failings; and yet Nobody more apt to find fault with you than yourselves are with one another.

Beau. Prithee, what would'st thou have me do?

Val. Do? why carry on the Siege like a Soldier; thou canst not expect the Town should surrender upon the first Summons. Methinks, Captain, you should understand these Things better; they are regular Approaches and Batteries, Mines and Countermines, Conduct and Courage, requisite in Love, as well as War; an humble, awful, obsequious Distance ne'er will do: Come, come, follow my Advice, and I'll warrant you we'll thaw this frozen Fair. But in the mean Time something must be done to prevent the impending Danger of Sir *Paul's* Son.

Beau. Where's your Man *Plotwell*, *Valentine*? That's a shrewd intriguing Varlet, and might be serviceable in this Business.

Val. I'll send him to you, he's at both your Services, Gentlemen.

Beau.

Beau. and *Wor.* We thank you Sir.

Val. In the mean Time I'm engag'd to make poor *Silvia* a Visit. Adieu, Gentlemen.

Wor. Farewel.

Beau. Fortune assist us all.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *Sir Toby's House.*

Enter Sir Toby alone.

Sir To. Why! what a sly young Dog is his Son of mine, to keep a Whore all this while and nobody ever mistrust any Thing of the Matter! And what a fine Kettle of Fish he has made of it. Here's all untwisted! Old *Pliant* in a Huff, the Match broke off, my Wedding-Guests to be disappointed, and myself to be pointed at for an old Fool into the Bargain. But if I don't fit him, say my Name's not *Toby*; I'll find out Ways shall cool his Courage as well as Matrimony, I'll warrant him.

Enter Plotwell, Sir Toby and he not seeing one another.

Plot. Now if this should be but a Feint of the old Fellow's:

Sir To. If I should now inconsiderately fall foul on him about this Business, I know the Rogue will have a hundred Evasions ready to excuse himself, and lay the Blame upon *Sir Paul's* causeless Jealousy, and the like.—But let me see——

Plot. To suffer such a Belief to spread, as if the Match was broke off, so to lead my Master into a Fool's Paradise, and then trap him like a Woodcock, before he knows where he is, or can lay any Plot to undermine him.——

Sir To. What if I should disguise the Matter a little, and carry Things on still as if the Wedding went forward? Then when the Dog thinks all's in

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earnest, sees himself driven to the last Push, and that Shifts will no longer save him; then I say, if he should sneak, and refuse to commit Matrimony at last, (as I take it for granted he will, by what I heard him say to my Lady in her Fits last Night) the Fault will lie all at his own Door; and then I'll teach him a Love-lesson with a Horse-pox to him.

Plot. He's a cunning old Sophister, Faith.—

Sir To. I heard *Sir Paul's* Son *Tim* is come home too: He has no Reason to fly from that Bargain, tho' he may from this. But now I think on't, rather than fail, I'll settle all my Estate upon *Sir Paul's* Son *Tim* with my Daughter, and be reveng'd upon my ungracious Dog that Way.

Plot. A damn'd, long-headed, old Fellow!—

Sir To. But hold, here's my Rogue's Rogue,—he's hatching no Good I'll be sworn.—You, *Sirrah*.—

(*To Plot.*)

Plot. *Afide.*) Talk of the Devil and his Horns appear. 'Slife! the old Fellow's upon me before I was aware of him.

Sir To. *Plotwell!*

Plot. Holo! Who are you? (*Pretending not to know him.*)

Sir To. Come hither, *Sirrah*.

Plot. What would the old Prig have?

Sir To. What's that you mutter?

Plot. About what, *Sir*?

Sir To. What! Your Rogueship knows nothing of the Matter now, I warrant you.—My Son keeps a Whore, and the Town rings on't.

Plot. The Town's mighty well employ'd, Faith.

Sir To. Do you mind what I say, or not, *Sirrah*?

Plot. Oh! every Word *Sir*.

Sir

Sir To. *ironically.*) But now to pry busily into these weighty Secrets and Intrigues, will look rigid and impertinent in a Father.—What's past I shall forget; for the Truth on't is, I have giv'n Way to his Youth, let him indulge his Extravagancies, and sow his wild Oats without Controul: But 'tis high time now for him to put on graver Airs, and pursue more solid and substantial Pleasures; therefore I beg the Favour of you, good Mr *Plotwell*, since I know no fitter Man in the World for the Business, that you'll please to use your Interest, and persuade him to take up and reform.

Plot. My shallow Noddle, Sir, can't comprehend the Drift of all this.

Sir To. I know these roving, wenching Fellows, have more Qualms at the Sound of Matrimony, than an old Puritan at the Hum of an Organ, or Sight of a *Christmas-Pye*.

Plot. So People say indeed.

Sir To. And as Rogues most commonly are their Privy-counsellors, so they most commonly take Advantage of their blind Sides.

Plot. Faith, Sir, I'm still in the Dark.

Sir To. In the Dark, ha!

Plot. Aye, Dark, Sir; I am plain, downright, honest *Tom Plotwell*, for my Part, and don't understand your Worship's figurative Way of speaking, not I Sir.

Sir To. What then, nothing but plain English will penetrate your Numscul, ha?

Plot. Nothing else Sir, indeed.

Sir To. Why then, hear me, Sirrah: If I catch your politic Brains at work To-day, or making the least Attempt tow'rds defeating my Designs, and disappointing my Son's Wedding, you shall find to

your Cost, that you are making a Lash for your own Back. *Bridewell* shall be your Portion; there beat Hemp, and be hang'd; and if ever thou com'st out but to be hang'd, I'll beat Hemp, and hang for you.——Is this plain *English* Sir? Is your weak Capacity able to comprehend the Meaning of this, ha?

Plot. Fair and softly goes far, Sir; threatned Folks live long.

Sir *To.* Rogue, do you jeer me too? But take fair Warning, and keep your Neck out of the Collar; for if I catch it in the Noose, I'll make thee an Example to all the politic, pimping, pick-thank Rogues in the Kingdom, you Dog, you!

(Exit Sir Toby.)

Plot. solus.) Why faith, my very good Friend *Plotwell*, thou must look out sharp, and behave thyself like a sage, politic Varlet; for hang me, but the Old Put's in earnest; all our Castles are built in the Air, and Matrimony is the Word at last; and if I can't outwit him, either I shall be hang'd, or my young Master married, and that (God knows) will be the utter undoing of one of us. I'm in a devilish Quandary, methinks, whether I had best plot for the Son, or wheedle in with the Father. 'Tis bad either Way: If I forsake my Master *Valentine*, and he in Grief of Heart shou'd trust himself up, and I should find him like a romantic and despairing Lover, pendant on a Willow, by a purling Stream, his Death will most certainly lie at my Door; and if I am catch'd in his Interest, the old Gentleman will be as good as his Word, and so I shall be accessary to my own; and 'twill be a plaguy hard Matter to bubble him. But then again, my Honour forbids that I should forsake my Master in
his

his Distress. Well then, I am resolv'd it never shall be said, but that *Plotwell* is a Man of Honour, and in Spite of *Bridewell*, the Gallows, old *Toby* and all, my Master *Valentine* shall find me sound and true-hearted to the last.—Let me see.—Then, here has my wise Master, by the irresistible Force of his natural Parts, begotten a chopping Boy upon the Body of Mrs *Silvia*; if this should come to the old Man's Ears 'twould make fine Work indeed.—But upon second Thoughts, I don't know but something may be made ev'n of this to our Advantage, if I can persuade 'em to leave Matters to my prudent Management. But first and foremost, I'll e'en pursue my Design of visiting Sir *Paul*, and spy how the Land lies there; I'll find out the Truth and Bottom of all the Secret, I warrant 'em. (*Exit Plot.*)

SCENE *Silvia's Lodgings.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, and Maid.

Val. Now, *Silvia*, I have told thee all, and now I hope thou'rt satisfied.

Silv. Yet still methinks I fear and tremble, and dare not trust my Fortune.

Val. Oh, cease, my *Silvia*! thy unkind Complaining; let Love's Goddess with all her Train of Charms and Graces dance in thy Eyes, and triumph in thy Heart; all vain and groundless are thy Fears; let not a gloomy Thought o'er-cloud the Morning of our Joys, that dawns so gaily on us; wipe all these Drops of Sorrow from thy Eyes, and let 'em look sprightly and piercing; and when I saw thee first when as I oft by Stealth would visit thee in thy religious Cell, they shot their Beams ev'n thro' the Hours of Night, and silently informed me that thy

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Heart was mine ; that all thy Joys, thy Thoughts, the utmost Wishes of thy Soul, and ev'n thy Religion too, were all compriz'd in Love and *Valentine*.

Silv. Oh, *Valentine* ! I could for-ever hear thee talk, for-ever feast my Thoughts on the dear Hours we've past together, on all the kind Discourse, on all the sweet Variety of soft Endearments, with which we have oft beguil'd the tedious Hours away. But why do I call 'em tedious, ungrateful as I am to Love and thee ? Time still was on the Wing, and flew too fast ; whole Nights seem'd Moments while you talk'd of Love. Pardon me then *Valentine*, if when my timorous Soul has been alarm'd with Apprehensions that all the Summer of our Love is past, that we must struggle with our adverse Fate, and stand the Shock of a relentless Father's Frowns ; that, when I'm conscious to myself of being the wretched Cause of all this Ruin, my Senses sicken at the Thought, my Frame's dissolved, and all the Powers of my trembling Soul confounded.

Val. Kind *Silvia* ! I cannot bear to hear this from thee : By Heaven ! it is too much, 'tis all a needless Scene of Melancholy, anticipated Sorrow ; relieve thy Eyes with a more pleasing Prospect, look back on all our thousand happy Moments past, and forward one ten thousand Joys to come : Think on the happy Hour wherein the Priest perform'd the Sacred Rites ; when at the Altar our kind Hands were join'd, and swore eternal Constancy and mutual Love : My Heart seems cheer'd with the dear Secret. —

Silv. There sprung the Mine that shocks my Quiet ! Mistake me not, dear *Valentine*, nor think I am insensible of all the Joys I owe to that bless'd Hour,

Hour, but —— 'tis a Secret, —— (Did you not say a Secret?) which if preserv'd, your Father may think all he has discover'd but a youthful Sally, may pardon it, and we be happy still; for all my Thoughts so center in thyself, that I'm regardless of the empty Prattle of censorious Tongues, in my own Innocence secure; but if betrayed, we're lost.

Val. It ne'er can be betrayed; these Lips have ever lock'd it fast, kept it in Reserve, a private Store of inexhausted Comfort to entertain my sickly Thoughts when I am absent from thee. I do conjure thee then by that important Secret, by that pretty, smiling, infant Pledge of Love between us, sweet as his Mother's self; by every Tye I do conjure thee, *Silvia*, cease all thy Scruples, and dispel thy Fears.

Silv. Thy Tongue can charm amidst a thousand Sorrows, and thy Arms have Shelter in a Sea of Dangers.

Val. Doubt it not, *Silvia*.

Silv. I cannot doubt it.

Val. Then for this Time, farewell, while I go fling myself in my Father's Way, face him, and see how temperately he bears his Disappointment.

Silv. Adieu! remember *Silvia*.

(Exit Valentine.

Silv. to Lucy. Oh *Lucy*! Is he not all engaging? is he not all over Charms? his Tongue all Musick, and his Eyes all Love? was I to blame to love him?

Lucy. Indeed, Madam, I can easily acquit you of all Blame.

Silv. Yet I have been to blame, to blame to listen to his charming Voice: As safely sure I might have hearkened to the false *Hyana's* Moan, or heard
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the *Syren* sing; but oh! 'tis past. Nor shall I ever cease while Life shall last, to doat upon the Temper that undid me; still love the Spoiler, yet bewail the Ruin. *(Weeps.*

Lucy. Madam, I've often seen you sorrowful, and weep for your Misfortunes, but never (save in broken Parts) have heard their Cause; may I be so bold to ask the Story of your Grievs?

Silv. Yes, *Lucy*, thou shalt know it all. 'Tis some Alleviation to a Wretch's Burthen to tell his mournful Story to a compassionate and faithful Friend, who will sit attentive by, hearken to his Tale, and sooth his Pains with Pity.—You must know then, that the miserable *Silvia* is Daughter to the *Chevalier de Boureau*, a Knight of *France*, the once happy Lord of fair *Demeafnes*, within the Province of *Languedoc*, who, ('tis now fifteen Summers past) having the Misfortune in a Quarrel to kill a Nobleman of that Kingdom, was forc'd to fly to save his Life, leaving his large Estate and Fortunes a Forfeit to the Law. My Mother died immediately with Grief. I had a Brother and a Sister, whom my Father carried with him, the Companions of his Flight; whither, Heaven knows, for I have neither seen or heard of either since: Myself he left to the Disposol of an Uncle, who provided for me in a religious House. There *Valentine* being on his Travels, first saw, and said he lov'd me! some unseen Power then first taught me to love, and oft by Stealth he was admitted, and the silent Night was Witness to our Vows; and Oh! let the bright Moon and all the glorious Train of Stars repeat the harmonious Sounds that charm'd my Ears, to be match'd only by the Music of their Spheres; or let the Charmer's self relate the

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Tale. No earthly Tongue but *Valentine's* can tell the Charms of *Valentine*. But Oh! it ruin'd me; took all my Senses captive, and drew my Thoughts from Heaven to taste of worldly Joys: And thus by his Persuasions, I contriv'd the Means for my Escape from the Monastery, and fled hither with him: The Rest thou knowest already.

Lucy. Your Fortune, Madam, is adventurous and strange, but not methinks to be lamented, since all good Qualities that can enrich the Nuptial Tye, all that can grace a Man, or can endear a Husband, and make him worthy of a Woman's Love, do meet in *Valentine*.

Silv. Oh! thou mistak'st my Meaning, *Lucy*; far, be't from me to blame the guiltless *Valentine*, the Guilt is all my own, and 'twere but just, that I alone should pay the Forfeit to offended Heaven; but alas! my melancholy Hours suggest a thousand dismal Apprehensions; Misfortunes seem to press upon me like divine Vengeance for my broken Vows of Chastity; and like a sinking Wretch, I hold fast *Valentine*, and draw him too into the fatal Gulph.

Lucy. Indeed, Madam, methinks you indulge Grief too much, nay, Grief imaginary too; you feel all the Pain e're the Blow be struck.

*So when by Tempests Mariners are tost,
Despair's in every Face, and all seems lost;
But watchful Providence at last appears,
And safe to Port the lab'ring Vessel steers.
The frighted Crew view trembling from the Shore
Their Dangers past, and hear the Billows roar;
And when the Storm is o'er, and calm the Main,
Yet scarce dare venture out, or trust her Smiles again*

The End of the first Act.

A C T II.

Beaufort, Plotwell.

Beau. **I** LIKE thy Scheme well, *Plotwell*; but hast thou instructed *Snapfack* in his Part? Is he perfect?

Plot. I'll warrant you Sir, let me alone for that: I've giv'n him his Instructions, and he's by this Time at his Post by the Water-side, waiting for their landing.

Beau. 'Tis well: Success attend thee.

(Exit Beaufort.)

Plot. Faith, *Plotwell*, thou art all of a sudden become a Man of great Business. I find myself a Man of mighty Consequence among my Acquaintance: Were it not for me now, what a Number of fine Gentlemen and Ladies would be lost? Lost beyond the Cure of Champaigne and Hartshorn. Were it not for me, this gay Captain, Mr *Worthy*, and my Master, must quickly take up their Lodgings either at the South-side of *Moor-fields*, or *Kensington* Gravel-pits; Mrs *Silvia* must either turn Nun again, or die of the Vapours; Mrs *Charlotte* and *Olivia* turn Whores, or die of the Pip. Bless me! Sure I'm born to be a great Man. — But no more, Time's precious.

SCENE

SCENE, Billingsgate.

Pedant and Timothy just landed, watch'd at a Distance by Snapfack.

Ped. Happy be lucky, as the old Saying is,

Thus are we landed on the welcome Shore.

To stick close to my old Friend *Dryden's* Skirts, a most incomparable Poet, whom I've a World of Respect for. Well! Mr *Timothy*, but how do you like your Voyage? What think you of the Sea now?

Tim. Why, Tutor, I have been ruminating and ruminating upon the Nature of the Sea, and all to no Purpose. However, I here excommunicate it by Bell, Book and Candle; for the Devil a bit will I ever have to do with it again; it quite ruins us Men of Parts to all Intents and Purposes. The Deuce a Joke cou'd this prolific Brain of mine furnish me with all the Storm. But at Land I used to have 'em at my Tongue's End, whether I would or no: Why, never stir, but I was dubbed Joke-Master General of *Rotterdam*.

Ped. Well, cheer up Child, however: You see, after a Storm comes a Calm: And we may say with the Poet,

Thro' various Hazards and Events we move,

To Latium, and the Realms foredoom'd by Jove.

With several other wise Sayings of the Antients to the same Purpose.

Tim. Ay, those Antients were a wise Nation: But I protest, Tutor, I can't put the Storm out of my Head; I was never afraid of any thing so much in my Life, as that I should have been tost up to the Skies before my Time.

Ped.

60 *The PERJUR'D DEVOTEE: Or,*

Ped. Ay—*To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we rode*
as the Poet hath it again.

Snap sack comes forward.

Snap. Gentlemen, an old Acquaintance of yours meaning myself, welcomes you home to *Old England*, and is heartily glad to see you here again alive and well. Perhaps, Gentlemen, you may not so perfectly remember me in this Habit of a Soldier.

Tim. You are not much mistaken, Friend, believe.

Ped. That is to say, *Rem acu tetigisti*, as the Saying is.

Snap. But I remember you very well, and ever shall; I have been mighty intimate with Sir *Pampliant*, your Father, ever since he was so kind as to let me lodge in his House after I came from Travel.

Ped. Why really Sir, you have an admirable good Memory: You have learnt the Art, I believe, which by *Cicero's* Testimony, *Simonides* was so well versed in.

Tim. I protest I know no more of this Fellow than of the Man in the Moon; but 'egad I'll banter him, to get my Hand in a little before I go home, that my Father may see how I have improv'd my Wit in my Travels—Hark'ye Friend! What are your Clothes gone a travelling too? Ha ha, he!

Snap. I am but just arriv'd from the Camp before *Belgrade*; I han't had Time to change them for as soon as ever I had upon my Return paid my Respects to your good Father, and understood from him that you were hourly expected, I could not rest till I saw you, and waited here for your Landing accordingly.

Tim

Tim. Really, your Clothes are but in a ragged Condition: What did they run away from their Colours? Did they shew a Back for't? Your Back I mean, Friend.

Snap. Oh! Sir, I'm heartily glad you'll condescend to make so free with me. It's a very good Jest indeed, Sir; ha! ha! ha! I see you han't lost your old Talent.

Tim. Oh! ho; I find he's acquainted with my Parts of old; 'egad I like him mightily, and won't be arch upon him any longer, so I won't. But a very good Jest 'faith that of mine. Did they shew a Back for't, quoth I.—I won't write it down before a Stranger, but I'll remember it by and by.

Snap. These Slashes, that you see Gentlemen, were all done by the Point of the Sword. My Hat likewise, see what Havock the battering Rams have made in't. Don't I offend you with the Smell of Gunpowder.

Ped. Oh! not at all Sir.—Now have I quite and clean forgot this Gentleman; I'm asham'd I should be so forgetful of an old Acquaintance: However, that he shan't think me proud, I'll pretend as if I knew him.—I don't know what to think of it.—But *Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur*.—My good old Friend, I'm glad to see you; welcome from the rough Music of the Wars.—I hope you'll excuse me if Time had in some Measure effac'd your Memory. *Tempus edax rerum*, as the Saying is.

Snap. I find the old Fool's as good at scraping an Acquaintance as I am. (Aside.)

Tim. But do you know him indeed, Tutor? let me know his Name pray?

Ped. His Name! Oh! ay! why his Name is— it is, apize on't! 'tis just at my Tongue's End.

Snap. My Name is *Snapfack*, Sir. *Ped.*

62 *The PERJUR'D DEVOTEE: Or,*

Ped. Right, ay, so it is; but 'tis very strange that we should forget Things that we know as well as our own Faces.

Snap. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis impossible for me to part with you, till we've all reviv'd our Memories with a Glafs.

Tim. With all my Heart, Faith! I long methinks for a cheering Cup, after this damn'd fatiguing Voyage of mine; my Brandy was all out before we had sail'd half Way.

Ped. It will not be amiss; Wine enlivens our Parts; and after that, I'll make a Copy of Verses upon the Storm.

Tim. Tutor, I'm afraid, if you make Verses after drinking pretty smartly, you'll find a want of Feet; you know what I mean by Feet, Tutor; ha! ha! he! very well, I vow. I love myself most exorbitantly for that Witicism. 'Egad, I'm resolv'd I will set that Joke down in my Book, if 'twere before an hundred Strangers. (*Writes.*

Snap. There is a Gentleman, a Friend of mine, hard by, whose Cellar is always (I thank him) at my Service; there if you please I'll introduce ye.

Ped. With all my Heart; let's begone then. *I pra, sequar.* Lead the Way Sir, I'll follow you. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Sir Paul Pliant's, Olivia's Chamber.*

Olivia, Charlotte.

Char. As I was saying, I think my *Olivia* will pardon my chearful bearing the Disappointment of becoming Sister to my Friend; when she considers how strong a Proof it is how much I value her Happiness before my own.

Oliv.

Oliv. My dearest *Charlotte*, thou wert always kind, nor art thou now to learn how to forgive the Frailties of thy Friend; for well thou know'st my Heart, and every secret Dictate of my Soul.—I need say no more.—But sure the Name of Sister never could improve my Love to you.

Char. Well, well, my Dear, never think or talk more of the Matter; all is, as we would have it, nay, beyond Expectation so; but give me leave to say, that, for my Brother's Sake, I wish some less severe Degree of Purgatory, some milder, softer Circumstances had pav'd the Way to Happiness.

Oliv. You're in the right; nay, I protest that I myself, in the midst of all my good Fortune, have some secret Reserve (I think) of Sorrow; I'm sure, at least, 'tis Pity for unhappy *Silvia*.—Oh *Charlotte*! Sure it must be miserable!—to be so exposed!—

Char. Oh! name it not, intolerable!

Oliv. Then must she be the Talk of every Company that ever heard the Name of *Silvia*; she must bear the Rebukes of the Grave.——

Char. The Mirth of the Gay.——

Oliv. The Flouts of the Prude.——

Char. The Giggle of the Coquet.——

Oliv. The Impertinence of the Wits.——

Char. Scorn'd by the Men, and abandon'd by the Women.——

Oliv. Star'd at by the Fools; and, which is worst of all, pity'd by the Wise.—Oh! what Woman can survive the Trial? Live to be pity'd! Oh the Reflection it produces in the Soul! to hear 'em tell how pretty *Silvia* was, recount her Beauty, Youth, each Charm, and every Grace; but give a Shrug at last, and cry what Pity 'tis she was a—

Char.

64 *The PER JUR'D DEVOTE: Or,*

Char. Oh! fye my Dear; name not the odious Word.

Oliv. A Word, in my Opinion, not always apply'd to proper Objects: The World is grown hypocritical, ill-natur'd and censorious; and I am griev'd to see how joyfully we catch at every Opportunity to undo each other.—The formal sanctify'd Lady, that won't be seen out of her Place at Chapel one Day for fifty Pounds, yet seldom fails to meet a private Friend in the Way Home, to make Amends for the Neglect of a lazy Husband; how greedily I say will this Hypocrite take Advantage of the unwary, undesigning, generous Lover's Frailty, and call Whore as devoutly as she sings Psalms?

Char. Your Reflection's just; but enough of this; let poor *Silvia* and her Misfortunes rest. How stand Affairs with *Worthy*? I have fifty Questions to ask, and as many Secrets to impart.

Oliv. E'en as they did; I have long since own'd his Conquest, and nothing but Opportunity is wanting to make us one.

Char. Pretty Turtles! ha! ha! ha!

Oliv. Thou art a giddy Girl; but I must own I scorn the little Arts, the affected empty Levities, so many of our Sex are fond of; methinks they are below the Dignity of human Nature, the're all Hypocrisy, and poor Disguises; there is no more Mean between my Approbation and Aversion, and why should either be dissembled?

Char. Oh hideous! I would not have *Worthy* hear thee for the World. Believe me, my *Olivia*, the Men are base and fickle, and must be dealt with at their own Weapons; the most humble, loving, constant Creatures upon Earth, if we can keep our Distance;

Distance; but if we give 'em Power o'er us, Oh!
 how the Tyrants lord it, insult our Weakness,
 and despise their Conquest.

Oliv. Oh! *Charlotte, Charlotte*, to these Poli-
 tics, by which you would prevent, we owe those
 Grievances you so complain of; we by our mis-
 taken Conduct teach Mankind Ingratitude, provoke
 'em to be false, and blame 'em then for being so.
 Come, come, my Dear, let me advise you to quit
 these false Notions, and let you and I reform the
 Sex.

Char. And would you then put off all Pride,
 that glorious Bulwark of a Woman's Honour,
 and expose the Weakness of our Sex to the Imper-
 tinence of the Fops, and Triumphs of the Libertine?

Oliv. No; but I'd be discreetly proud; distinguish
 Merit from its Foil; not sooth the Vanity of for-
 ward Fops with silly Coquetries, but in a Moment
 dash their Hopes; and when the Man of Honour,
 Sense and Constancy, such as deserv'd Regard, ap-
 pear'd and own'd his generous Passion, not play
 my little Artifices till I lost his Heart, or taught
 it to degenerate from its native Candour, but meet
 his Love with Generosity equal to his own.

Char. Fye! fye! this is all romantic.

Oliv. Thou can'st not bear to hear thy darling
 Follies blam'd; what a long Fairy's Dance hast
 thou led poor *Beaufort*? And yet I know thou
 lov'st him; I wonder he can bear it; how can you
 be so unjust to him, to Love, and to yourself?

Char. Well, no more of the dull Subject now;
 if your Tea be ready, let's in, and there, if I'm in
 the Humour, I'll confess all the Secrets of my
 Heart.

Oliv. With all my Heart.

(*Exeunt.*
 SCENE

66 *The PERJUR'D DEVOTEE: Or,*

SCENE *Sir Toby's.*

Pedant, Tim. Snapfack, Plotwell *in the Pantry drinking.*

Tim. Well, in short, it was a terrible Storm as ever I was in in my Life ; I shall never forget it as long as I live ; I am sure, I shall evermore have an Averſion to Water, and ſo, my good Friend *Snapfack*, here's my humble Service to you. (*Drinks.*

Plot. This Story of the Storm gives me a good Hint, and I ſhall put my Project in Execution preſently.

Pedant walks about, ſcanning Verſes on his Fingers.

Tim. My poor Tutor and I thought never to have ſeen dry Land again ; ſo we both pray'd, and confeſſ'd all our Sins to one another ; but between you and I, my Tutor has been a ſad wicked Dog in his Time.

Ped. Come, fill the Glaſs about, Gentlemen ; methinks 'tis ſpirituſous and edifying.

Snap My humble Service to you, Sir.

Ped. I thank you Sir, with all my Heart ; fill me a Bumper.

Plot. Come, Gentlemen, t'other Bumper, and I'll give you a Song.

Plotwell ſings.

Tim. Very fine indeed ! 'egad, I think I begin to be bouzy. Come, my good Friends, one Bumper to your Healths, and then I'll go and ſurprize the old Knight my Father with my Wit. (*Drinks.*

Timothy endeavours to imitate Plotwell's Song, and falls aſleep into a Chair.

Ped. Ha ! *Timothy !*

Hath gentle Seep, with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd.

Thy drowſed Senſe—As the ſublime Milton hath it.

Plot.

Plot. Mind your Cue, *Snapfack*.

Ped. By *Jupiter Ammon*, my Pupil here has made his Exit. What will the old Knight say to us when we come Home?

Snap. Come, come Sir, never fear; he only wants a little Rest after his Fatigue; he'll wake again by that Time we have taken t'other Bumper.

Ped. With all my Heart.

*Arms and the Man I sing; who forc'd by Fate.
And haughty Juno's unrelenting Hate.*

Fill about, fill about.

*Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan Shore.
Long Labours both by Sea and Land he bore.*

Ah! noble *Virgil*! charming *Dryden*! Give me a Bumper.

Arms and the Man I sing—(Drinks and falls asleep.

Plot. Now, now is the Time; pull off that Coat of thine, *Snapfack*; they will never know thee again in thy Waistcoat.——So now begin.

Plotwell and Snapfack make a bellowing.

Heaven have Mercy on us! what a Storm is here!

— Oh! Oh! Gentlemen, wake and to Prayers.

Pedant and Timothy wake in a Fright.

Tim. Oh Lord! a Storm! a Storm! Pray, Tutor, let us to Prayers.

Ped. A Storm, say you? why as sure as a Gun there is a Storm; it shakes the Ship so confoundedly I can scarce stand upon my Legs.

Hark,

68 *The PERJUR'D DEVOTEE : Or,*

*Hark, how the Cables crack, the fearful Sailors Cries
Ascend ; and sable Night involves the Skies.*

Hang me, if I had not clearly forgot that we were
a Ship-board.

The furious Winds the swelling Surges beat.

Snapfack within.

O ho ! all is lost ; we are undone ; she splits, she
sinks ! all shift for themselves.

*Ped. But see ! propitious Stars do yet appear,
There Polux shines, and fulgent Castor there.
(Pointing to the Candle.*

Tim. Pray Mr Pilot , how long have we to live ?

*Plot. Scarce a Quarter of an Hour ; we are ut-
terly lost.*

*Tim. Alack a Day ; what shall I do ? I shall
certainly spue out of Fear. — Well ; I am re-
solved, if I am drown'd this Time, I will never go
another Voyage. Ah ! Tutor, do but behold that
great Wave there.*

*Ped. Ay, The swelling Surges with a thund'ring
[Roar
Driv'n on each others Backs insult the Shoar.*

As the Poet says

*Tim. Well ! I shall never be able to die, I am
sure ! — How wicked I have been in my Time !
How often have I got drunk ! — How many
Whores !*

Whores! Alack a Day! — But now I think on it, my Tutor has been as wicked a Dog as I, that is some Comfort still. So Tutor, e'en let us go to Prayers together.

Ped. With all my Heart.

*O thrice and four Times happy those,
Who under Ilian Walls before their Parents dy'd.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. For God's-sake, *Plotwell*, what is the Meaning of all this Noise? If my Master should hear —

Plot. Pox on thee for intruding so unseasonably! get thee in about thy Business. — (*Shoves her in.*)

Ped. Hah! *Timothy*, see there how a Sea-nymph stood close to our Poop just now.

Tim. No, no, 'twas only a great Fish.

Ped. A Fish! say you.

Tim. Ay, I'm sure 'twas a Fish by her Voice.

Snap. Ay, now she's going, we're sinking to the Bottom.

Tim. Oh! pray don't talk of sinking; I can never bear it, I am sure. — What Shift shall I make? Dear Fish, don't eat me, for I'm my Father's only Son and Heir.

Plot. I'll throw this Piss-pot upon their Heads. *Aside*) Alack! we sink e'en now; she leaks, amain.

(*Throws the Piss-pot upon 'em, and lets 'em down a Trap-door into the Cellar.*)

Run down into the Cellar, *Snapfack*, and drink em asleep again; then all is safe: I'll be with you instantly. (*Exit Snapfack.*)

Ha! ha! he! I vow to God, a very comical out-of-the-way Transaction, this.

Re.

70 *The PERJUR'D DEVOTEE: Or,*

Re-enter Snapfack.

Snap. Pox on 'em they are fast enough already
for one twelve Hours, I'll warrant 'em.

Plot. 'Tis very well ; be within Call ; perhaps
I may want thy Assistance again.

Snap. You need not fear me. (*Exit Snapfack*)

Plot. I protest I can scarce forbear laughing at my
own Comedy ; and if hereafter,

*By Chance, some arch poetic Wag essay
On this to build the Model of a Play,
The hum'rous Scenes can never fail to please.
And universal Mirth in a gay Audience raise.*

The End of the second ACT.



A C T III.

Enter Valentine solus.

Val. 'TIS well; my Stars have done their worst; and I defy 'em now. Poor *Silvia*! and must we own it then at last? There is no other Way. — Sure he must melt, the hardest Heart must melt to see thy tender Beauties kneeling for Pardon; he must be charm'd to hear the Musick of thy Tongue, be proud to call thee Daughter, and bless me for his Disappointment.

Enter Worthy unobserv'd.

What Devil has possess'd Sir *Paul* too? an Hour scarce is past since he flew off; my Love was lost, and I forsooth must wear the Willow. Now his Mind it seems is chang'd again, and I must wear the Wife.

Wor. The Devil you must.

Val. Ha! *Worthy*, thou com'st in Time to help me curse my Fortune.

Wor. Ay, and my own too. I have over-heard the Matter as thou stood'st raving to thyself. But how comes this about? It puzzles me to reconcile this sudden Change of Politics with Reason.

Val. All that I know I'll tell thee. I just now met my Father: Son, says he, you're to be married
To-

To-day. Go Home and dress yourself; go Home and hang yourself had been as welcome to me; it so confounded me, that I believe I look'd like an Ass before him; not a Word cou'd I say, but made him an awkward Bow instead of an Answer.

Wor. What's to be done? some speedy Counsel must be taken, or all's lost: Where's *Plotwell*?

Val. I think I see him yonder: the Rogue comes just in the Nick.

Enter Plotwell all in haste.

Plot. Where the Devil shall I find this Master of mine, now? This is the Plague of us Serving-Men, we must hunt out our Masters through all their Rambles, with the Sagacity of Spaniels, and ten to one if we are not used like Spaniels when we've done; 'tis a hard Case, but I must not rest till I have found him.

Val. Hold, *Plotwell*! Whether so fast?

Plot. *(sees Val.)* Oh! Sir, you're the very Man I have been hunting after; *(sees Wor.)* Od's my Life; here's Mr *Worthy* too.—Well, Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad I've met with you, for my Errand lies between you both.

Val. Oh! *Plotwell*, I'm ruin'd inevitably.

Plot. Do you hear me, Sir?

Wor. We're both undone.

Plot. I know the Ground of your Fears.

Val. My Life lies at Stake, *Plotwell*.

Plot. I'm no Stranger to your Fears neither.

Val. 'Sdeath! *Plotwell*! But my Father tells me—

Plot. As I hope to live, Gentlemen, you'll turn my very Brains: I tell you I know what you'd both be at: You, Sir, for your Part, are in a Peck of Fears now, lest you should sit beside the Cushion;

Cushion; and you, Sir, lest you should jump into the Saddle.

Val. Thou hast hit the Nail of the Head, *Plotwell*.

Plot. If I have, there's no Danger of its driving, Gentlemen, take my Word for it. Hark you, Sir, (*to Val.*) Sir *Paul* will be no Father-in-law of yours To-day.

Val. Ha! What Grounds have you to think so?

Plot. I'll tell you Sir, upon meeting your Father this Morning, I understood by him (after a long Detail of Particulars which passed in Discourse between us) that, notwithstanding all our Hopes to the contrary, you were actually doom'd to be marry'd To-day. However, I was resolv'd the old Fellow should not bubble me; therefore, as soon as I got loose from him, I set my Thoughts to work, and begun to compare Things together.—I could see no Bustle about House;—the old Man walk'd moping about by himself,—bloody touchy and peevish—and his eldest Son and Heir to be married within this three Hours notwithstanding.—Inconsistencies; mere Inconsistencies, thought I. So, Sir, I immediately resumed the Resolution I had before taken, of visiting Sir *Paul's*.

Wor. Well said; on with your Story.

Plot. When I came there, not a Mouse was stirring, as I could find: In short, all was as quiet, and as little Sign of a Wedding there as at home. And I think, Sir, the Conclusion to be drawn from hence is pretty plain.

Val. Why, as thou sayest, *Plotwell*, these are not all Symptoms, truly.

Plot. Well, well, let us not triumph too soon; we know a little by Experience, that the old Pro-

D

very

verb advises well, *Not to reckon our Chickens before they are hatched.* Take a little of my sage Direction along with you, Gentlemen, and I'll warrant you a good Issue ; trust the Helm to me, and fear not : But if, Gentlemen, you think it not in my Power to serve you, or, which is the same Thing, think you can serve yourselves better, e'en take your own way, I'll not be answerable for the Consequence. I wash my Hands on't.

Wor. No, no, good *Plotwell*, we trust all to thy Management ; and remember that my Life depends on thy Success.

Val. Well, what's to be done ?

Plot. Why, I would advise you to make all sure, for fear of a Relapse ; and that (since, I'll pawn my Life, the old Folks design no Wedding To-day) Mr *Worthy* take hold of the Opportunity, and not suffer the Lady to be baulk'd.

Wor. I understand you not.

Plot. Why, e'en make her a visit ; tell her the Danger of Delay ; that she has now an Opportunity she may never have again ; that the old Folks may once more change their Minds ; that then no Power upon Earth can save her. In short, never leave her till you're married.

Wor. Thou talkest thou knowest not what ; thou forgett'st that I'm forbid the House ; and that what you advise is impossible.

Plot. For shame, for shame ! A Lover, and talk of Impossibilities ! Come, come, I know your doubtful Honour, and have already provided you safe Conduct ; and, for the rest, you must take care of yourself : Be at Ease, Sir, I have provided for you. I only beg one Word with my Master, and I'll wait on you instantly.

Wor.

Wor. Excellent *Plotwell*! be speedy.—*Valentine*,
your Servant.

(*Exit Worthy.*)

Val. For God's sake, *Plotwell*, what can my
Father mean by all this? There must be something
more in the Bottom of it than I'm aware of. What
should make the old Gentleman turn and wind thus?

Plot. Why, I'll unravel to you the whole My-
stery, Sir. 'Tis very plain the old Gentleman is
very much nettled at Sir *Paul Pliant*'s falling off so
suddenly from his Agreement; and that, as the
Case stands, he does not know who reasonably to
blame for the Matter. Now, should you seem at
all averse to his Design, you'll give him the only
Handle he wants, to lay all the Blame upon you;
and then there will be the Devil to pay, I can tell
you.

Val. Why, thou would'st not have me think of
a Compliance, would'st thou?

Plot. Why, Sir, in the first and foremost Place,
you must consider he's your Father, and you'll find
it a very hard Matter to oppose him. Then, se-
condly and lastly, Sir, that Mistress of yours, under
the Rose, is no better than a——.

Val. Hold, Villain, thy sacrilegious Tongue, or
I shall——

Plot. Nay, Sir, use your Pleasure with your
Slave; but, if I might advise, you ought to tell your
Father, that you are ready to submit at all Times to
his superior Wisdom; and that, if he thinks well of
the Match, you are ready to comply.

Val. Would'st have me then belye my Heart?
turn Hypocrite?

Plot. Hypocrite! Ha, ha, he,—'Tis all the
Fashion, Sir.

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Val. I tell thee, I cannot do it.

Plot. Pray, Sir, be ruled.

Val. Prythee don't persuade me to it.

Plot. Well, mark the End of it.—Besides, Sir, no ill Consequence can come of it; you need not fear the Danger of performing, promise never so lustily; for e're it can come to that, I'll take care that Mr *Worthy* and Mrs *Olivia* shall be tack'd as fast together as 'tis in the Power of Gown and Cassock to do it; at least, if they do their part as well as I do mine. But soft, here comes your Father: look brisk, and remember what I have said to you.

Val. No more; I warrant you.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir Toby aside.) So, so, they're laying their politic Noddles together in deep, wondrous deep Consultation, I perceive.

Plot. to Val. Have but Courage, dear Sir, to tell him you'll marry her, and, if he gives you the least hard Word, or any Harm in the World comes of it, I'll be bound to be hanged for my Pains.

Sir Toby aside.) At it, at it; hard at it, 'faith.

Plot. Now, Sir, mind your Cue.

Sir To. Valentine.

Plot. Turn quick upon him, and seem surpriz'd at seeing him.

Val. turning quick. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I did not see you sooner.

Plot. Admirably well done, i'faith, Sir.

Sir To. Well thou art ready to go to Church, I suppose, *Val.*

Val. As I always have been, so I always shall be ready to obey your Commands, Sir.

Plot. The old Fellow's dumbfounded, 'faith.

Sir

Sir To. I take it very kindly at thy Hands, *Val.*
I'll assure thee, that thou shew'st thyself so dutiful,
especially in this Affair.

Plot. Didn't I tell you how 'twould work, Sir.

(*Aside to Val.*)

Sir To. Well *Val.* be within Call, we shall want
you presently.

Val. I shall, Sir.

(*Exit. Valentine.*)

Sir To. Well, *Plotwell*, what News abroad, hah?

Plot. I hear none, Sir, not I.

Sir To. None at all, say'st thou? nothing stirring.

Plot. Nothing at all, Sir.

Sir To. That's strange. (*Walks about as in a Fret.*)

Plot. aside.) Now the old Gentleman's turn'd
out of his Biais; he frets and fumes like a losing
Gamester.

Sir To. Can'st thou deviate for once, *Plotwell*,
and tell me, without your Hums and Ha's, the
Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Plot. I scorn to tell you a Lye, Sir.

Sir To. Well then, be ingenuous, and satisfy me
only in this one Point: Does not this Wedding stick
a little in your Master's Stomach, hah? Is he not
prepossess'd, engaged elsewhere? Does not he hunt
other Game? Is he not past the Cure of Matrimony?

Plot. Oh! Sir, you're mistaken in him: He's
quite another Man than I find you think him.

Sir To. Indeed! I should be glad to be convinced
of it.

Plot. When you gave him his Swing, indeed,
as he was but a raw Lad, as a Body may say, he
would have his Bottle and Whore now and then,
that's true. But however, his Amours for the most
Part were safe, as well as private; a She-friend or
two that were above a Bribe, tho' loose a little in

the Hilts. You should never see him board a Mask at the Play-house Door; your *Drury-lane* Ware would never go down with him. He had always an Eye to his Reputation, that I must needs say of him. But now, Sir, he actually thinks of nothing but a Wife; he does not care how soon he settles; and I think the sooner 'tis done the better.

Sir *To.* Methought he look'd a little melancholy, and out of Humour, for all that.

Plot. He was a little nettled indeed, but not upon that Score, I'll pass my Word for it.

Sir *To.* Pr'ythee, *Plotwell*, what then?

Plot. Ah! Sir, 'tis not worth speaking of.

Sir *To.* Come, come, out with it: I must know, *Plotwell*.

Plot. 'Tis next to nothing, Sir.

Sir *To.* Pshaw! what does the Blockhead trifle for? Tell me, I say.

Plot. I hope your Worship won't be angry then: But he thinks you are a little too close-fisted; that's all, Sir.

Sir *To.* Who, I, *Plotwell*?

Plot. Yes, you, Sir. Here, says he, has my Father ordered a Dinner To-day, that scarce stands him in half a Piece; who the Devil would take this to be a Wedding-feast?—And now, Sir, between you and I, if I may be so bold as to say so, you should have opened your Purse-strings a little wider. In such Cases, you are sensible, 'tis expected; and, as 'tis but for once in a Man's Life-time, ev'n Extravagance is an Error on the Right-hand, Sir.

Sir *To.* Have done, Sirrah, will you? I shan't ask your Advice in the Conduct of that Affair. Be gone; see if your Master wants you.

Plot.

Plot. I've nettled the old Gentleman, 'faith.

(*Exit. Plotwell.*)

Sir To. What can the Dog mean by all this? There's some Plot going forward, my Life on't.—But, be it as it will, I may chance to snap 'em before they are aware of me.—Let me see.—My Son has promised, and he shall perform.—Upon that Foundation I'll proceed. If I could but stumble by Accident now upon my Neighbour *Pliant*, and bring Matters round about a little, I fancy the Knight and I might agree well enough at last. As for my Son, he can't look me in the Face and fly from his Word: So I have no Apprehensions on that Side. 'Egad I'll go make the Knight a Visit.—No; that will be a little too forward.—Odd's my Life, here he comes doddling alone in *propria Persona*, 'faith; nothing can happen more opportunely.

Enter Sir Paul Pliant.

Sir Paul, you are well met, how have you done since Morning?

Sir Paul. You are the very Man I have been hunting after, *Sir Toby.*

Sir To. Better and better. (*Aside.*) I'm glad, Sir, I have saved you further Trouble; and that I have met with you so luckily.

Sir Paul. I am glad to see you with all my Heart. But, *Sir Toby*, there was a certain Person (not to be particular) that informed me, and said, he had it from your own Mouth too, that your Son and my Daughter were to be married To-day, which you know, as well as I, is all false. Now my Business at present is, to know whose Brains are most addled, yours who said so, or his who reported it abroad, Neighbour.

Sir To. Good *Sir Paul*, give me your Patience; and since you tax me thus with a Particular which I did not in the least expect, I'll tell you all I know of the Matter in as plain a Method as I can; and, as we have been Neighbours and old Friends, I don't question but you'll judge favourable both of me and my Conduct.

Sir Paul. Out with it then; speak your Mind freely; you shall have no Interruption on my Side.

Sir To. Why then *Sir Paul*, you may easily remember what pass'd between you and I this Morning, when you thought fit to fly from your Bargain, for certain Reasons, or rather Suspicions of your own: After you were gone, you need not doubt but I was in some measure concerned, not only at the breaking off an Alliance with a Person I so highly regard as yourself, but likewise at my Son's Conduct, which has render'd him so obnoxious to you, and unworthy to be the Pledge of it.

Sir Paul. Very reasonable.

Sir To. Thought I, what Method shall I take with this unhappy Son, that becomes the Character of a prudent Father? It had ever been my Observation, that the gentlest Physic operates the most effectually upon ingenious Minds. I remember too, that *Valentine* had in all respects, till then, behaved himself most dutifully to me; nay, ev'n in this Point of Matrimony, (notwithstanding all the suspected Pre-engagements of his Affection) was, or pretended to be, ready to obey me: I likewise recollected all the Sallies of my own Youth, and made Allowance by my own Experience.

Sir Paul. Very prudent.

Sir To. Not, *Sir Paul*, that I would have you think me all the tender passive Father, nor igno-

rant or thoughtless of the Resentment and Authority of a Parent; so that the Circumstances of the Affair seem'd to reduce my Resolution to a Sort of a Dilemma. If I pass all tamely by, I give the World an Opportunity, and justly too, to blame my Conduct, and my Son occasion to despise me. If I fall foul upon him, rate him for his Follies, and act the severer Part, 'tis possible he may so excuse himself, as to make me repent my Rashness; for how naturally might he say: Yourself, Sir, have already prescribed a Remedy for these Diseases: The Time is coming when I must live to please a Wife: In the mean Time, it has been a Fault of Ignorance, if I have liv'd to please myself.

Sir Paul. Very considerate, truly.

Sir To. In short, I resolv'd to steer a middle Course, if possible, as the only proper Method I had to pursue: I determin'd therefore, to conceal all the Disagreement between yourself and me from him, and so to carry Matters as if the Match had still gone on, and no Demurrer been: The Consequence, I propos'd to myself from thence, was to sound the Bottom of my Son's Inclinations, and have sufficient Ground to deal with him accordingly: If he refuses to commit Matrimony, said I, when it comes to the Pinch, I shall then be satisfied, that there is something more than youthful Frailty in the Matter, and that *Sir Paul's* Suspicion is but too well founded: If he holds firm and eager for the Change, then he sufficiently clears himself of the most material Part, at least, of the Charge; and I don't question but *Sir Paul* will be easily induced to hear Reason, and all Things be in *statu quo*.

Sir Paul. Why truly, *Sir Toby*, I think you give a very fair and honest Account of the whole Mat-

ter; and I cannot chuse but say, you have, in my Opinion, behav'd yourself with great Wisdom in the Affair. I approve of your Scheme mightily : But, pray Neighbour, how does it succeed ; by this Time you are capable of giving a great Guess. Had I not Reason for my Refusal ?

Sir *To*. I must confess, Sir *Paul*, I cannot blame your Caution : But I'll assure you, upon the strictest Enquiry I can make, I cannot find any Thing more in this Business of *Silvia*, than a youthful Frolick, or so. You know, Neighbour, we were both young once ourselves, and should not be too severe in our Censures ; but as to the Business of the Wedding, I'll promise you, he stands hard and fast to it. I'm afraid the poor young Fellow will break his Heart, if he should be disappointed.

Sir *Paul*. A, a, a, ah ! Sir *Toby*.

(*Shaking his Head.*)

Sir *To*. Come, come, I warrant 'twill be a Disappointment on both Sides : For your pretty Daughter's Sake, for my Son's Sake, and for old Acquaintance Sake, let me intreat you to lay aside all care-less Prejudice, and give me no Denial ; but let the Wedding go on upon the same Foot I propos'd it, and to which you then readily consented.

Sir *Paul*. You may spare your Entreaties, Neighbour ; you know I'm not obstinate ; if you think 'twill be advantageous on both Sides, e'en let it be done without more ado : But, if you think they won't both draw one Way, we had better never yoke them together. I'd have you weigh the Matter very deliberately, Neighbour ; look round e're you leap, and put the Case all Ways ; suppose my *Olivia* to be your Daughter, and your *Valentine* my Son.

Sir

Sir *To*. I do so, Neighbour ; nay, I have done so. have view'd the Scheme on all Sides, put all Cases, and every new Case I put give me a better Opinion of the Cause.

Sir *Paul*. Why, without any more *Pro's* and *Con's*, if you are verily persuaded in your Mind that they'll make a happy Pair, the Fault shall not lie at my Door, I promise you. The Terms of Accommodation are agreed on.

Sir *To*. Once more then 'tis a Bargain; your Hand upon't. Really, Sir *Paul*, I always had a particular Regard to your Name and Character ; and, as a Testimony of it, you see how ambitious I am to unite our Families.

Sir *Paul*. And, I assure you, Sir *Toby*, I've always had an equal Esteem for you ; and, as a Proof of my Sincerity, I particularly invite your Daughter *Charlotte* to the Wedding. To be plain with you, I have Letters that the Ship wherein my Son is, came up the River this Morning ; so that we expect him home every Moment. You know we have formerly often talk'd of making a double Union of our Families ; if you're still of the same Mind, I think we may take the Opportunity of performing both Ceremonies at once, and save Charges.

Sir *To*. Nay, now, my good old Friend, you are too kind. It shall be so with all my Heart.

Sir *Paul*. I'll home and get every Thing in Order, and expect you within these two Hours.

Sir *To*. I'll do the like, and wait on you at your Time.

(Exit Sir *Paul*.)

Sir *To*. I brought the old Knight about at last with a *Circumbendibus*. 'Egad, I play'd my Part like an Orator with him. God a mercy, old *Toby*, 'faith.

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Well! I must go and look after my young Rogue tho', or he may chance to play me a slippery Trick at last.

(Exit Sir Toby.

SCENE, *Sir Toby's.*

Enter Plotwell, and Snaplack in the Habit of a Sea-captain.

Plot. So, I see thou hast equipt thyself for carrying on our Design upon our Captives. I have already seen them, and prepossess them of their being taken Prisoners at Sea, by a Pirate, whose Name is Captain *Scare-devil*. Remember therefore that is your Name now.

Snap. I'll warrant you.

Plot. I'm your Jaylor, I'll let you in to them.

(Exeunt.

Pedant and Timothy in the Cellar.

Tim. Well! didn't I behave myself bravely, Tutor? Didn't I fight like a Tyger?

Ped. Ay, that thou didst?

Tim. Come, come, Tutor, have a good Heart; *Never let your noble Courage be cast down*, as the Saying is; many a valliant Man has been forc'd to surrender before now.

Ped. 'Tis very true, and the Poet very well advises,

*By suffering well, our Fortune we subdue,
Fly when she frowns, and when she smiles pursue.*

But, the worst of it is, Mr *Timothy*, that I'm afraid the worst is still to come. We know no more where we are than the Stone-wall, nor how to
send

send your Father an Account of our Distress, in order to our Redemption; so that, for aught I can see, we are likely to remain all our Days in Captivity.

Tim. Ah Lord! Tutor, 'tis very true as you say. I vow to God, I never thought one Word of that all this while. Ah! my poor Father, I shall ne'er inherit your Estate now. Well! I think 'tis an unlucky Thing to be witty. My Father often forewarn'd me, if I had had the Grace to follow his good Advice.

Ped. Ah! Mr *Timothy*, I told you enough on't too, long ago: I hate (as an incomparable Author has it) a young Gentleman of a too forward Genius.—But alas! how comes it that I talk so politely in the Height of my Affliction? But, now I think on't, *Ovid* wrote his Book *de Tristibus* during his Misfortunes.——

Ingenio perii, Naso Poeta, meo.

Enter Snapfack, attended by Plotwell.

Snap. Where are the Prisoners; Jaylor, bring 'em forth.

Ped. *Coram quem quæritis adsum, Troius Æneas?*

Tim. Tutor, Tutor, this is the Captain; pray tell him who I am. Do but observe with what a majestic Gait he comes.

Ped. *Like polish'd Ivory beauteous to behold,
Or Parian Marble when enchac'd in Gold.*

Tim. By *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm all in a Sweat for fear.—I wish I mayn't.—I'll say no more. But I think all the Breath in my Body will fly out at the Back-door, in Spite of my Teeth. *Snap.*

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Snap. Like *Cæsar*, I may say, I came, I saw, and conquer'd ; and, as I can conquer, i can destroy or save, just as the Merit of my Foes shall plead. Submission may prevail, when Opposition never can,

Tim. Lord bless me ! how he blusters ! Now dare not I, for the Heart's Blood of me, crack one Jest upon him, tho' I've half a Hundred at my Tongue's End ; full of such Wit, sheer Wit, 'egad, that I could cut him down, whip, slap-dash, in the Cracking of a Nut.

Snap. I understand by the rest of the Ship's Crew, your Names and Qualities ; and have dispatch'd Letters to Sir *Paul Pliant* in *England*, that if he thinks fit, he may redeem you.

Ped. *Mæcnas Atavis edite Regibus, O & træsidium & dulce decus meum !*

Tim. Odso, I begin to have a little Heart again. Now, methinks, he talks as if he had some Grace in him.

Snap. In the mean Time you must content yourselves with your present Quarters.—*Jaylor*, take Care of 'em. *(Exeunt Snap. and Plot.)*

Plot. I shall, Sir.

Tim. As sure as Death, as he went away, he gave me a Nod and a Smile : He couldn't but be taken with my Wit ; Faith and Troth he couldn't.

Ped. The incomparable *Plautus* wrote a Comedy, call'd *The Captive*. Oh ! *Plautas*, thou wert a Poet and Prophet too ; for now we are truly Captives.—But what must be, must be——

The End of the Third Act.

A C T

A C T IV.

Enter Olivia and Maid.

Oliv. **P**R'YTHEE, *Betty*, think, contrive a little for me. Is there no way to get a Sight of *Worthy*? My good Fortune hitherto has been in vain, tho' I have escap'd the Man I lik'd not, but I am banish'd from the Man I love.

Betty. Never fear, Madam; a Woman's Invention seldom fails her in these Cases; and I'll warrant you, one Way or other, I'll do your Business for you.

Oliv. But dost thou consider, Girl, the Difficulty of the Undertaking? Thou know'st that I'm watch'd as narrowly as a Prisoner of State; and all the Doors and Avenues are guarded against *Worthy*, as against a Rapparee. Nay, my Father has represented him as such amongst our Servants. Thou know'st what a Houseful of Blunderbuffes, Bandoleers, and Basket-hilts we have kept on purpose to guard us from the Monster; and that, if *Worthy* were suspected to be within Eye-shot of the House, what an Alarm we should have; all would be in Arms; the Militia would march, and the Heroes cock and strut like so many File Leaders on a Lord-Mayor's Day: Therefore, consider what thou dost, for God's sake.

Betty.

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Betty. However, I say still, Madam, despair not; methinks this Day's happy Deliverance seems to be an Earnest of yet better Fortune.

Enter Footboy.

Footb. Madam, there's one Mr *Pad* the Stay-maker below, has brought your Ladyship's Stays.

Oliv. Oh dear! let him come up; he's as good as his Word I find; I warrant poor *Stitch* work'd all Night, for fear of disappointing a longing Lady on her Wedding-day; but, as it happens, he need not have made such haste: However, I promise myself they'll serve some much happier Occasion, than that they were designed for.

Enter Worthy, disguised like Pad.

Betty, as he is entering. Lord! Madam, I think this is not Mr *Pad*; and yet I think 'tis Mr *Pad* too: I know not what to think; but if it be Mr *Pad*, I'm sure he's strangely alter'd within these two Days.

(As Olivia looks at him, he discovers himself.)

Oliv. Worthy!

Wor. See my *Olivia*, what Disguises Love can teach us! Almighty Love, that transform'd *Jove* into a Swan, and made his heroic Son's victorious Club dwindle to a Distaff, has made of me e'en what you see me.

Oliv. But how durst you venture? How comes all this to pass? Methinks I have twenty Questions to ask thee, and would have them answer'd all at once. Pardon my Transport, *Worthy*.

Wor. Dearest *Olivia*, this is no Time for Questions, or for Answers; thus much only I may tell thee, that, by *Valentine's* Man *Plotwell's* Contrivance,

vance, I apply'd myself to honest *Pad* the Stay-maker, who was easily prevail'd upon to depute me to wait on your Ladyship with your Stays this Morning in his room.—Will your Ladyship please to try 'em on?

Oliv. No, no matter Mr *Pad*, at present; I thank my good Angel, I have not so urgent an Occasion for 'em as I fear'd I should. But have you brought your Bill with you, Mr *Pad*?

Wor. Yes, Madam; and the Sum's a large one, a long Account of faithful Love, with all its Train of Sufferings; 'tis Time 'twere own'd, and the Balance paid. Think, my *Olivia*, such an Opportunity ne'er may come again. Your Wedding, sure, by the Hand of Providence is put off: But, as your Father has chang'd once, who knows but he may change again? Nay, who knows how soon it may be so? Therefore now, my Dearest, now's the Time to prevent all future Hazard; redeem yourself from your Captivity;—reward my faithful Love, and make us both happy.

Oliv. What can we do?

Wor. This Moment leave thy Prison, and make thyself my Wife.

Oliv. Impossible! Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Wor. Impossible! 'Tis easy, very easy; I have provided every Thing; all but your Consent is ready.

Betty. Nay, Madam, now it all lies at your own Door, and if you lose this Opportunity, as Mr *Worthy* says, you must e'en thank yourself: Come, come, never stand between Hawk and Buzzard; venture, venture; I'll be answerable for the Consequence 'egad, I'd fain see a young Gentleman ask me the Question so complaisantly, so I would.

Oliv.

Oliv. Heav'n knows how willingly I would consent ; but methinks what you propose is of too sudden Birth, and full of Hazard : Besides, the Winter of our Loves does all seem past, and the gay Spring appears. What need we hazard all at once ? Time lies before us ; the Prospect is far extended ; we shall have a thousand Opportunities to execute this Project, when every Branch of it shall have been duly weigh'd, and every Circumstance consider'd.

Wor. Talk not of Consideration, or of Weight, *Olivia* ; the Loss of all this Time in doubt, is of more Weight than all ; nor trust thy Fortune to a second Cast, when 'tis thy own already.

Betty. 'Slife, Madam, I hear my old Master come coughing up Stairs ; we're all undone : What shall we do ? This comes of your considering. Mr *Worthy*, you must transform yourself once more into Mr *Pad* ; there, take your Stays in your Hand.

As Sir Paul enters, Olivia speaks.

Oliv. I can't say but I like your Work well enough, Mr *Pad* ; but I shan't wear 'em To-day, as I expected ; so you may leave the Stays with my Maid, and call again To-morrow, or any Morning, and I will try 'em on.

(Worthy is going.)

Sir Paul. Hold, hold ! who's this Daughter ? Your Stay-maker, ha ? Stay a little ; you must wear your Stays, Daughter, sooner than you think for : I have just now been with Sir *Toby Testy*, and we are once more agreed : He has given me full Satisfaction in all my Scruples ; so get yourself ready as fast as you can, and come down into the great Parlour ; in the mean Time I'll go fetch old *Noverint* the Scrivener, that we may sign and seal ; and then my

my Chaplain shall perform the remaining Part of the Ceremony.

Oliv. Hear me, Sir, one Word, I beseech you.

Sir Paul. Hear thee? What shall I hear? I think I've done all that a Father can do for thee. I've provided you with a pretty young Fellow for a Husband, and 'twill be his Part to do the rest.

Oliv. Sir, I would know a little what Satisfaction you have met with, that has so suddenly induced you to entertain an Opinion of Sir *Toby's* Son's Morals, so widely different from what you did two Hours ago: The Reasons, you then gave me for your Dislike, have sway'd so much with me, that, till I've Demonstration of his Innocence of the Crimes laid to his Charge, I must confess I've an Averfion to him.

Sir Paul. Poh! Poh! I'll have none of your Averfions; 'tis enough that I am fatisfied; pray fet your Heart at rest, and do as I bid you; and so Good-morrow to you: D'ye hear, Mr *Pad*, pray try on her Stays.

(Exit Sir Paul.

Wor. Now, my *Olivia*, tell me, was my Counsel vain?

Oliv. Nor is it yet too late to follow it.

Betty. Nay, now 'tis absolute Self-defence.

Oliv. Then let's away: But, after we have 'scap'd the Castle, whither shall we fly for Refuge?

Wor. *Olivia* need not doubt but I have taken care of that. I have on this Occasion (by Concert) the Liberty of *Silvia's* Lodgings, *Valentine's* Mistress; thither we'll go directly, and put it out of mortal Pow'r to disturb us more.

Oliv. Away then; be at the back Gate; I'll meet you there in three Minutes.

(Exit Worthy.

Betty,

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Betty, pr'ythee reach me the little Casket out of my Scrutore, and my new Riding-hood, d'ye hear; it has not yet been seen, and I shall not be known in it: —The best Disguise in the World, for an Escape, is a Riding-hood. — Away, Girl, Time's precious. *(Exeunt.)*

SCENE *the Street before Silvia's Lodgings.*

Enter Plotwell.

Plotw. What the Devil! are we all wiser than we should be now? 'Sbud, if Mr *Worthy* has'nt made good Use of his Visit, we're all untwisted still. Egad, I think the old Fellows have as many Whim-sies in their Heads, and know as little of their own Minds as the young: Here has the Devil been and made Peace again between the two old Knights; and now the Wedding goes on still. I'm bloodily afraid *Worthy* has not done as he should do; the Fellow seems to have no Mettle in him. Zounds! he makes Love like an *Oxford* Scholar. What the Devil can I do? I'd fain do something to make all sure. — Let me see; — a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure.—It must be so;—let's see, these are Madam *Silvia's* Lodgings. *(Knocks.)*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Well! What's the News with you?

Plotw. Ask no Questions, good Girl; where's your Nursery? your young Master?

Lucy. Within. Pray what d'ye want with him?

Plotw. Ask no Questions, I say; fetch him presently, and come along with me.

Lucy. What to do, I say; I won't stir till I know for what.

Plotw.

Plotw. The Devil's in the Wench, I think.
Zounds! make haste, and do as I bid you, or we are
all undone. *(Shows her in.)*

Re-enter Lucy with the Child.

Lucy. Well, what am I to do next?

Plotw. Play but this Card now for me to the
best Advantage, *Lucy.*—

Lucy. What Plot's in Agitation now, Pr'ythee?

Plotw. The Devil's in Women for Curiosity;
thou shalt see by and by, have but a little Patience.
Come, go along with me, and, by the way, I'll
give you full Instructions how to behave yourself.
—Oh the Devil! *(In a surprise.)*

Lucy. What's the Matter now?

Plotw. Matter! quoth a! —Why yonder's Sir
Paul, Madam Bride's Father, coming this Way:
If we go forward we must meet him.—Now is
this hopeful Scheme of mine broke all at once.—
I think the Devil owes us a Spite.—Let me see,—
can I think of nothing? My Invention did not use
to fail me.—I must alter all my Measures.

Lucy. I can't conceive what you'd be at, not I.

Plot. Now, *Lucy*, I'll make as if I came from
yonder Alley on the Right Hand; and do you,
(mind what I say) whenever you see a good Op-
portunity, put in a Word or two to back me.

(Plotwell goes to a Corner of the Stage.)

Lucy. Well! I swear I'm still in the dark as
much as ever.

Enter Sir Paul Pliant.

Sir Paul. I'll make what haste I can to the Scri-
vener, that I may catch him before he takes his
Morning whet, and makes himself addled and
unfit for Business all Day.—*(Lucy courtesies to him,*
and

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and comes forward.) Who art thou, Child? ha! I don't know thee. Whose Child's that, ha?

Lucy. Bless me! Where's this *Plotwell* now?

(Aside in Surprise.

Sir Paul. What! are you Tongue-ty'd?

(Plotwell comes forward, puffing and blowing, and bawling as loud as he can, pretending not to see Sir Paul.

Plot. Heigh-day! what Game's here going forwards? —What Business have you here, *Lucy*? What do'st bring thy Brat here for? Whither art thou going to carry it?

Lucy. How can'st thou ask me such an impertinent Question?

Plot. Who should I ask? there's no-body else to ask, as I can see.

Sir Paul. In the Name of Wonder, what Child can this be? *(Aside.*

Plotw. Will you give me an Answer, or not, Hussy?

Lucy. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Plot. aside to Lucy. A little more to the Right.

Lucy. The Devil's in the Fellow, I believe.

Plot. Come, come, whose Boy is it? — Speak out. *(Aside.*

Lucy. 'Tis yours, and be hang'd to you, or some-body's that belongs to you.

Plot. Ha, ha, he! This is a thorough pac'd Whore; she has the right Cant of all the Bawdy Sisterhood, 'faith.

Sir Paul, aside. Surely this is Mrs *Silvia's* Maid, that I have heard so much talk of; I'll hearken a little further.

Plot. Are we the properest Persons you could pick out, to make Cullies of, ha! Mrs Impudence.
Sir

Sir *Paul*, *aside*. Body o'me, I came just in the Nick.

Plot. Pack up your Alls, and get you gone about your Business, or —(*aside to her*) if you stir an Inch I'm undone *Lucy*.

Lucy. Confound you! for me— You terrify a Body so.

Plot. What! I must speak twenty times to you to be gone, must I?

Lucy. What would the Fellow have, for God's Sake.

Plot. Have, quotha! Come, come, let me have none of your shuffling Tricks; but tell me directly and truly, Whose Boy is this in your Arms?

Lucy. As if you did'nt know, Sauce-box.

Plot. That's nothing to the Purpose, Hussy.— Answer me directly, I say, to what I ask you.

Lucy. Why then 'tis yours, I tell you once more, or somebody's that belongs to you.

Plot. Which of the Somebody's? What! we had all a finger in the Pye then, had we?

Lucy. Why, if you will force me to speak out, I can't help it? — 'Tis your Master *Valentine's* then.

Plot. What! — my Master *Valentine's*, say you?

Lucy. Can you deny it, Sir?

Sir *Paul*, *aside*. I find I had a right Notion of that young Fellow. — I was never heartily inclined to this Match.

Plot. Here's a fine Plot! What! and I suppose you are jaunting towards Sir *Paul's* with him, ha? I'll call a Constable; I'll have you secur'd, 'faith, Mistress.

Lucy. What d'ye make such a Gaping for?

Plot.

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Plot. Why! will you face me out, that I didn't see this Bastard convey'd to your Lodgings six Weeks ago?

Lucy. Oh! the impudent audacious Varlet!

Plot. You may brazen it out as long as you please; but, I'll take my Oath, I saw Mother *Brawn*, the Porter's Wife, carry him in, last very Night was six Weeks, in a Basket.

Lucy. Well! Heav'n be prais'd, there were several Ladies of unblemish'd Characters at my poor Mistress's Labour.

Plot. But she was plaguily mistaken in her Aim, *Lucy*, this Bout, I can assure you—Oh! thinks she, if Sir *Paul* does but once here that Mr *Valentine* has had a Child by me, he'll never marry his Daughter to him, for certain: But o' my Conscience, when the old Gentleman and his Daughter too, come to hear that my Master is so good a Sportsman, they'll like him the better for it, I'll warrant you. Besides, Child, your Plot's too late, you'll be a Day after the Fair; they're marry'd by this Time, or at least will be so in half an Hour; so you had best e'en turn home to your Quarters again while you're well.

Sir Paul, aside. 'Tis you are mistaken in your Aim; you'll find I'm not so fond of being a Grandfather as that comes to neither, good Mr *Plotwell*.

Plot. Therefore in one Word, and one is as good as a Thousand, if you won't get you Home with this squawling Brat, I'll kick him into the middle of the Street, and you to the D——l, d'ye see.

Lucy. You should get you home and sleep; you are drunk, Man.

Plot.

Plot. What the Devil! your Mistress (for all my Master brought her starving from *France* the other Day) now she has set Foot on *English* Ground, begins to think herself naturalized, and entitled to the Benefit of the Law, as much as e'er an *English* Whore of them all; and that the Law will oblige him to marry her, and make an honest Woman of her, whether he will or no.

Lucy. Why, good Mr *Plotwell*, can you have the Face to deny it?

Sir Paul *afiaë*. I had like to have made a pretty Spot of work truly.

Plot. Who is there? ——— Oh! Sir *Paul* you are come in the very Nick of Time. ——— Do me the favour to hear me but one Word, Sir.

Sir Paul. You may spare yourself the Pains, Mr *Plotwell*; for I have heard it all.

Plot. How? All, Sir, say you?

Sir Paul. Ay, Sir, your whole Story from the Beginning to the End on it, I tell you.

Plot. Well, Sir, you have heard it all you say and pray Sir, did you ever hear a Piece of Roguery to match it? Ought not this young Baggage now, think you, to be sent to *Bridewell*, and heartily lashed for her Pains. ——— Here is the Gentleman himself now. ——— Do not think to palm your Whore's Tricks upon him.

Lucy *courtesying*. Indeed, and indeed, Sir, ——— as I hope to be fav'd, Sir ——— if I have told your Worship the least Tittle of a Lye. ———

Sir Paul. Enough, enough; ——— I know as much as is requisite for my Purpose. — Well? fare you well, *Plotwell*; I'll e'en beat the Hoof home again; I shall have no Business for the Scrivener to

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day.

day. — A mighty lucky Accident this truly. —
Exit Sir Paul.

Plot. *Lucy* kiss me.

Lucy. Kiss thee? — Stand off pray, and know your Distance, Sir. — If I do not acquaint my Lady with all the ill Treatment I have met with from you, I will give you leave to abuse me ten Times worse, if possible, than you have already.

Plot. Oh! you little Fool you, you do not understand State Affairs I find. — Cannot your politick Noddle now, *Lucy*, fathom all this Fetch of mine.

Lucy. Not I indeed.

Plot. Why then you must know this old Gentleman, Sir *Paul*, has been wheedled again into a good Opinion of the Match between my young Master and his Daughter; the Ceremony was to have been perform'd within this half Hour, and I had no other Means in the World than this to prevent it; — and now I hope you are satisfied.

Lucy. But then, *Plotwell*, you might have prepared me for such an Encounter, and giv'n me my Cue before-hand.

Plot. Pshaw, Pshaw, *Lucy*, thou art quite rong in thy Notion; thou dost not know thy own Perfection; thou would'st not have perform'd thy Part half so well by Art as by Nature. — However I think our Business is done, and so you may e'en go Home and rock the Bantling, and tell your Mistress she may sleep henceforth in quiet. — But hold, *Lucy*, now I think on't I've more Business with thee. — Let me see, — how long have you and I been Play-fellows together? — We have been old Acquaintance, *Lucy*; and thou know'st I have always promised I would provide for thee. Come along, Child,

Child, I'll inform thee fully of my Design as we go.
Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Charlotte's Chamber.

Cha. Is then the Crisis of my Fate so near? Is this the Day must date my Happiness or Misery? So little Warning? Hard-hearted cruel Father! Oh that I could see my *Beaufort*! But for what, unhappy *Charlotte*, dost thou wish? Thou dost forget with what affected Airs and Scoffs thou ever hast received his generous Passion. Thou dost forget the many tedious Hours thou hast made him sigh in vain: rejoiced at all his Misery, and laugh'd while he complain'd; and like a harden'd Sinner, now 'tis too late, thou dost repent; too late can'st curse thy silly Woman's Arts, that drew thy Ruin on thee. *(Weeps.)*

Enter Valentine, and Beaufort.

Val. In Tears my Sister? I confess this was designed for Execution-day; but see, I bring you a Reprieve——
Exit.

Char. Oh! *Valentine*, Oh! *Beaufort*, has Heav'n then heard my Pray'rs? Will you not despise me, *Beaufort*? Will you not in your Turn insult my Misery, and triumph o'er my Weakness? Oh! I'm to be married, married to-day to one I never saw.——Must I?——

Beau. The Gods forbid it.

Char. Nor can my Tears, or all my Prayers, prevail upon my Father to defer it but for one short Day.

Beau. 'Tis short Warning, 'tis true; but the sooner my *Charlotte* is marry'd, the sooner my *Charlotte* will be happy.

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Char.

Char. But say I was to be marry'd to you, would you dispatch so serious an Affair so inconsiderately? Would you not stop and take a Day to think?

Beau. Try me my Angel, and if I lose a Moment in any Thought, but on my present Transport, then shall I not be worthy the Joys I should possess.

Char. By Heaven it shall be so: I do confess I love thee, *Beaufort*; but my Father.—

Beau. Oh! *Charlotte*, cloud not my dawning Transport with the Name of Father.—Say it once more my Charmer. Wilt thou at last repay my long and faithful Services, my Age of Love, with Love? Wilt thou be mine? and wilt thou be mine to day?

Char. Pardon my Modesty; I will.

Beau. Oh Extasy! (*Going to embrace her.*)

Char. Stand off, I charge you, and know your Distance, Sir. Alas! poor Captain, what credulous Creatures are you Men in Love? Ha, ha, he!

Beau. Ha! what means all this?

Char. I protest, Captain, I cannot chuse but laugh to see how insensibly Vanity steals upon you. What engaging Charms must you believe there is in that Soldier's Mein of yours, that can win a Lady's Affections so in a trice? How often have I told you what an Aversion I always had to a Red-coat? and will you not yet be satisfy'd?

Beau. Confusion! Am I awake? Or is it all a Dream?

Char. Oh! you were in a Dream most certainly; you dream'd as you lay before the Town that you carry'd on your Approaches so vigorously that the Besieged had beat the Chamade, and of
ferred

ferred to surrender Prisoners at Discretion; but a sudden Salley from the Town awaken'd you, nail'd up all your Canon, and beat you out of your Trenches.

Beau. Am I then to become your Scoff? How have I deserved this Usage?

Char. From the weak Foundation of your Pretensions.—How happily! how gaily may a Wife live with a disbanded Captain upon half Pay!

Beau. Madam, you must excuse my Freedom, if I tell you this is ungenerous.—I'm a Soldier of Fortune, I confess; yet I am a Gentleman: But were I less, the long and faithful Service I have paid you, the generous everlasting Love I've sworn, might at least screen me from Abuse.—But no more; farewell for ever; may your Happiness ne'er be compos'd, by a too late Reflection on the Wrongs of wretched *Beaufort*. *Exit.*

Char. Oh Woman! foolish Woman! what have I done? what am I doing? Shall I not call him back?—Oh! *Beaufort, Beaufort*, come back and hear me.

Re-enter Beaufort.

Beau. Your Pardon, Madam; did I not hear you call me back?

Char. Oh! how shall I speak? What shall I say? Surely *Beaufort* can forgive a Woman's Folly, the wanton Sallies of a Woman's Tongue; the little Vanities our weak Sex delight in; can you not, *Beaufort*?

Beau. I can do any thing you would have me do, but bear Insults upon my Misery. My Love is of so long a Date, 'tis grown too serious for Ridicule.

Char. Believe me, *Beaufort*, I am serious too.

Beau. Is it possible for Woman to be so?

Char. And for a Proof, accept this Ring; and as often as you see it, think on *Charlotte*.

(Gives a Ring.)

Beau. A Ring? but are you serious tho'?

Char. Oh! *Beaufort*, did you but know—How can you chuse but know?

Beau. I ne'er was a good Interpreter of Riddles, I can guess nothing farther than that it is a Ring.

Char. Are you then grown so cold so suddenly; You were not once so, *Beaufort*: Behold these Blushes; behold these Sighs; behold that Ring;—the silent Ring speaks plain.

Beau. The Ring speaks! What? —Oh! here's a Poxy—*With this Ring* (what's next?) *my Heart!* Oh *Charlotte*, how willing I am to be again deceiv'd! Speak plain thyself, and tell me then, wilt thou be mine again? Wilt thou deceive again? Again insult my fond deluded Passion? Oh no! thy lovely Eyes speak everlasting Truth; I have deceived myself, and laid the blame unjustly upon thee: Seal then my Pardon in one kind Embrace, and tell me once again thou wilt be mine, and in that Transport let me die.

Char. I cannot speak for blushing; excuse my Tongue the Task, and think it said.

Beau. Oh! speak my Destiny, and kill or save me with a Word.

Char. Be thine? —I cannot. —

Beau. Unhappy *Beaufort*! Oh! farewell.

Char. Stay, cruel one! and hear me out; I cannot —Oh! I cannot be another's. Oh! *Beaufort*! I am yours; nor shall the Malice of the World divide us.

Beau. Oh! killing Raptures! Oh angelic Sounds! By Heav'n my Transport's more than I can bear. —
But

But hold, my *Charlotte*; Our Time thou know'st is short. Within this Hour you must expect your Father's Summons; therefore e'en now resolve to tie the sacred Knot between us, and prevent all future Danger of a Separation.

Char. How can it be? 'Tis impossible it can be done so suddenly.

Beau. 'Tis very easy. Your Brother's Servant *Plotwell* has a Prisoner in your Father's Cellar, who is qualified by his Office to perform the Ceremony.

Char. *Plotwell* got a Prisoner? What do you mean?

Beau. 'Tis a Contrivance of his, in concert with me, to prevent your Misery, and make you happy. Thou shalt know all at large hereafter.

Char. What you propose, I cannot disapprove.

Beau. Come on then, and let blind Fortune frown so long as *Charlotte* smiles. *Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth Act.

A C T V.

SCENE *Sir Paul's.**Enter Sir Paul and Servant.*

Sir Paul. NOT in her Chamber, say you?
 nor any where to be found? nor
 any Body knows when, or whither she went?
 Heigh-day! what's the Meaning of all this? Here's
 Trick upon Trick; I can no sooner discover the
 Bottom of one Roguery, but I've another upon
 me before I'm aware. I don't know which way to
 turn, or what to say, or how to think. I'll be
 hang'd if Sir *Toby* ben't at the bottom of all this;
 he has employ'd his Agents, no question, to
 entice this silly Girl away to make all sure; and here
 I warrant, I shall have 'em come by and by, just
 as at the latter end of a Comedy, Hand in Hand to-
 gether, down o'their Knees, ask Pardon and Blef-
 sing, and think all will be well; but they shall find
 themselves very much mistaken. — Indeed, Sir
Toby, these Things shan't pass upon me.—I protest,
 I always thought my Neighbour *Testy* a sly design-
 ing Fellow.—Hold! let me see.—Suppose that Fop
Worthy should have been buzzing hereabouts.—No;
 that can't be;—the House has been clear of him a
 long while; he was a cowardly Fellow; the Sight
 of

of a Blunderbuss cool'd his Courage in an Instant.—Hold! let me see.—Now I think on't, I met the Master of the Vessel upon *Change* just now, who told me that my Son came with him; and that he saw him as soon as he landed, accosted by a certain Person who carried him in to Sir *Toby Testy's*.—The Matter seemed so strange, I scarce believed him; but now, upon comparing things together, the Matter's plain; 'tis all a Juggle and Contrivance of old *Testy's*.—It can't be no Body's else.—'Egad, I'll go fetch my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, and search his House immediately.—A Villain!—detain my Son!

Enter Servant introducing Sir Toby.

Sir *Toby*. Brother *Pliant*! how fares it? You see, I'm come according to Promise: My Son has promised to meet me here; he'll wait on you in an Instant.—And as for my Daughter, if your Son be arrived, I'll send for her in an Instant.—Well! how fares the Bride? Ripe and ready Sir *Paul*, ha?

Sir *Paul*. Here's a deceitful old Rogue now.

(Aside.)

Sir *Toby*. What dumb? ha, little *Paul*! Come, come, never fear, thou shalt be a Grandfather 'ere 'tis long, Boy.

Sir *Paul*. I believe you are one already, Sir *Toby*; nor do I think you ignorant of the Matter, any more than you are ignorant of my Son's Arrival, and that he's now at your own House.

Sir *Toby*. Heigh-day? What is it, troublesome again? What the Devil's the Matter now? Pr'ythee Brother *Pliant*, leave these Whimsies, and be merry at thy Daughter's Wedding. — 'Sbud, if you

won't, I'm resolv'd I'll be merry by myself, so I will.—Your Son at my House ?

Sir *Paul*. Come, come, Sir *Toby Testy*, don't think to laugh serious Matters off; these Things won't pass upon me. What! if one Plot had fail'd, you had another in Agitation. You are resolv'd to make sure Work? For fear you should not succeed, and work upon my easy Nature by fair Means, you were determin'd to do it by foul.—But, Sir, you shall find me a Man that knows when I am impos'd upon, and dare to resent it.

Sir *Toby*. Fair Means! foul Means! impos'd upon! and resent it! What the Devil! art thou possess'd? Thou talk'st in Parables, Man.

Sir *Paul*. Ignorant of the whole Matter, I warrant you! But, Sir, you shan't find that I'm so: I suppose by this Time your Plot has succeeded; I suppose all's over; they are married; they're fast ere this.

Sir *Toby*. Pr'ythee what dost mean?

Sir *Paul*. Mean? Whom should I mean?—but my *Olivia* and your Son.—A Rape, a barbarous, Rape, and of your own base Contrivance.

Sir *Toby*. O ho! egad, I begin to smoke the Matter now. A hah! little *Val*. is it so then? So hot upon the Matter? This is better and better still.—I wonder'd, indeed, the young Dog wouldn't come along with me; but pretending a little necessary Business, would needs meet me here; and now all's out, (*Aside*.) Well! Neighbour *Pliant*, I'll assure you I know nothing of all this Matter; but egad I'm glad to hear it for all that, with all my Heart.

Sir *Paul*. Glad? who doubts it? that you've outwitted your old doating Neighbour and Friend,
Sir

Sir *Paul Pliant* ! A very triumphant Action truly !— But your Game is not up yet, Sir *Toby*, I shall disannul the Marriage.

Sir *To.* How ?

Sir *Paul.* I say, I shall disannul the Marriage, Sir *Toby*, and get your Rogue of a Son hang'd into the Bargain.

Sir *To.* Zounds, Sir *Paul*, what d'ye mean by this ? This is carrying Matters too far : You shall find I can be angry as well as you.—My Son a Rogue ? Hang'd said you ?

Sir *Paul.* Yes, hang'd, Sir, if Bigamy deserves it, as our Law says it does.

Si. *To.* Ay ; say you so, Sir *Paul* ? Why this is mighty well.—What ! have you done ? May'nt we have a little more of this hanging Story ?

Sir *Paul.* No Matter, you may spare your Jest ; what I say, I'll do and justify ; and what I saw and heard, I will believe.

Sir *To.* Why ! what did you see and here, pray ?

Sir *Paul.* Why, I saw your Grandson and his Nurse together, and overheard all her Discourse with *Plotwell*, how she threatened his Master *Valentine* in the behalf of her Mistress,—and was informed too of my Son *Timothy*'s being decoy'd into your House this very Morning, by one that saw the whole Transaction. — What ! you think I know nothing of the Matter ; nothing of your Contrivance ; but though it be too late to prevent, 'tis Time enough to revenge.

Sir *To.* 'Sdeath, I can bear it no longer. Zounds, Sir, 'tis all a Lye, and a dam'd Contrivance of your own, in order to save your Daughter's Portion : but I'm not to be impos'd upon by such an old Rogue as you are. 'Sbud, Sir, draw.

(*Sir Toby draws.*

Sir

Sir *Paul*. What ! to be chous'd and murther'd too ! that's hard indeed.— Well, Sir, I shall defend myself however, as well as I can. (*Sir Paul draws.*

Sir *To*. 'Sbud, sure he won't fight, will he ? I was in hopes I should have bully'd him. Egad I find I must set the best Leg foremost, and be valiant, whether I will or no. (*Aside.*

Sir *Paul*. Come, Sir, come on, I'm ready.

Sir *To*. What the Devil makes *Valentine* stay so long ? Sure he'll come presently.—Egad I've no Stomach to Fighting.

Sir *Paul*. Come, Sir *Toby*, why d'ye delay ? You see I'm prepar'd to receive you.

(*Sir Toby foams at Sir Paul at a great distance, while Sir Paul stands on his Guard*)

Sir *To*. Have at the thee then. What the Devil ! will no-body come to part us ? I shall be drill'd thro' the Guts here in Defence of this ungracious Son of mine, before any Body comes to my Rescue.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Worthy, and Oliva.

(*Val. and Worthy part 'em*)

Val. What Friend has sown these Seeds of Enmity between my Fathers ?

Sir *To*. Who the Pox sent for you ? what Business is it of yours ? — 'Sbud let me come at him.

Sir *Paul*. I fear you not.

Val. Pray, Gentlemen, be pacified : Methinks this should not be a Day of Strife ; but Mirth and Gaiety ; —It is your Children's Wedding-day.

Sir *To*. Art thou marry'd faith, *Val* ? Egad I'm glad on't with all my Heart, were it but to vex the old Put : 'Sbud I'll be merry this Day, if it be but in Spight of him.

Val. 'Tis very true, Sir, I do assure you.

Sir

Sir Paul. Ay, Ay, I knew 'twould come to this before-hand ; but it shan't do.

Sir To. Ah ! dear Val. was this thy private Business ? to surprize your old Dad, you Rogue you ? Well, Heav'ns bless thee, Val. 'Tis his Father's own Boy, i'faith.

(Val. with Silvia, and Worthy with Olivia kneel.)

Sir To. Hah ! what do I see ? Are my Eyes open ; Am I awake.

Sir Paul. Hah !

Wor. First, Sir, I beg your Pardon, and your Blessing here. ——— We are the great Offenders.

Sir Paul. What ! is this a Plot of yours then at last ? Out of my Sight ; out of my Doors both ; nor ever dare to see my Face again.

Oliv. Here me but speak, dear Father, and then determine as you please. Worthy's Love to me has been long, and I believe as pure ; nor was Love his only Merit ; his Virtues, Fortune, Birth, all pleaded in his Favour : But if no Reason I can urge in my own Behalf, has Weight enough to appease the Storm I see is gathered on your Brow, what has my Sister done, (pointing to Silvia.) your Arabella ? Tho' I am wretched, and have lost your Favour, I'm happy still in that I've found a Sister for myself, for you another Daughter.

Sir Paul. Hah ! Olivia, thou talk'st in Wonders. Rise all ; methinks my Genius whispers in surprizing Transports to me Arabella ! Oh ! 'tis she, and all the Father in me melts with Joy and Tenderness. But say, how comes all this to pass ? How com'st thou hear my Arabella ?

Sil. Oh Sir ! the Story of my Life since I lost you, is long, and full of sad Variety ; at Leisure you shall know all at large ; but now my Griefs
are

are at an End, and I am happy ; doubly happy now, both in a Father's and a Husband's Love. Now I may boldly own a Secret which has long been kept : For when my Sister, to avoid the Match she lik'd not, left your House this Morning, and *Worthy*, by concert with *Valentine*, had brought her to my Lodgings, (where their Hands were joined,) after the Ceremony was past, we began to talk of various Things : She kindly told me all the Story of their Loves, and in Requital, I disburthen'd all my Heart, and would relate the melancholy Tale of all my Sufferings ; but when I told my Name and Family, the Scene was changed, our Tears were turned to Joy, and our transported Souls were lost in Raptures : *Valentine* too no sooner heard the blest Discovery, but finding me to be your Daughter, he no longer could contain his Joy ; proclaimed aloud our Marriage, which Fear of his Father till then had kept a Secret, and own'd me for his Wife.

Sir Paul. O *Arabella* ! 'tis Joy unspeakable to see thee once again. But why, good Heav'n, must this Blessing be attended with a Curse ? 'Tis Grief of Heart, my *Arabella*, to see thee married to that Villain's Son.

Sir To. *Sir Paul*, I am now cool and calm, and have laid by my Passion ; pray do you so too, and hear me.

Sir Paul. What can you say, *Sir Toby* ? Where is my Son ? have you not decoy'd my Son ?

Sir To. By Heav'n not I ; nor can I guess your Meaning by it. Already you see I'm clear'd of half your Charge against me by Proofs indubitable ; (*pointing to Olivia, &c.*) Nor do I doubt to clear myself in your cooler Judgment of all other Imputations

to

to my prejudice. ——— You say I have decoy'd your Son, and that he is at my House : Pray then, Sir *Paul*, go with me ; search all my House ; examine all my Servants upon Oath ; and then acquit me, or condemn me as you please.

Sir *Paul*. Agreed ; till when I will suspend my Judgment.

Sir *To*. Come on then.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to Sir Toby's Cellar.

Pedant, Timothy, Lucy, Plotwell.

Lucy. Sir, 'tis thro' a thousand Hazards I have run to pay this Visit to your Misfortunes. This honest Jaylor did inform me fully of your Worth and Character, and by his Privity and Assistance I've ventur'd hither ; tho' if my Father Captain *Scare-Devil* should know ———

Plot. Oh Madam ! you need not doubt my Secrecy.

Tim. Never stir, Madam, if I am more rejoiced at your lovely Presence, and the Tender of your Affections, and Promise of Marriage, which you have been pleas'd to make me, than I am to think how beneficial this Marriage will be to the rest of Mankind ; our Eldest-born can never prove less than Prince of Wits, and King of the Jokers.

Lucy. I must confess I always desir'd to marry a Wit, and the Character I had of you, enamour'd me. Princes have woo'd me long, and woo'd in vain. — Illiterate Wretches, I despise 'em. Your Wit alone could captivate my Heart.

Ped. Timothy be careful ; you remember the Proverb, *Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuæ quidem*.

Tim. Poh ! Pox of Proverbs ! Oh Madam, I was always facetious from my Cradle ; my poor old Nurse

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Nurse us'd to cry, and say, she was sure I should be short-liv'd ; I was too witty for my Age. Then would I laugh up in her Face : Ah ! you little Rogue, do you laugh, says she. I shall never forget it the longest Day I live.

Lucy. I never would have run the Risk of my Father's Anger thus for your Sake, if I hadn't perfectly understood your Perfections.

Tim. Then I shall never forget how I us'd to sit at home by the Fire Side o' Winter Nights, and play at Crambo. Oh ! Crambo was Meat and Drink to me ! and tell a many such comical Stories, would make all my Father's Men and Maids laugh till they bepifs'd themselves. — You must know my Father's a rich Man, and I'm his only Son and Heir, when I'm in my own Country.

Lucy. But time slides while we are talking. — The next time I visit you, I'll bring a Priest with me, who shall join our Hands.

Tim. O Lord, Madam, that may be done this Instant ; my Tutor here can do the Job as well as any Man at all ; can't you Tutor.

Ped. Why, upon Consideration, Mr *Timothy*, I am of Opinion that Delays may be dangerous, and perhaps hazard the Loss of this Preferment. —

*Love's Crisis in the happy Minute lies,
Hit but that Minute and you gain the Prize.*

As a late ingenious Author very elegantly expresses himself.

Tim. Then pray, dear Madam, don't delay.

Lucy. Well ! I'm content ; I hope Necessity will excuse all Indecency.

Tim. Come then, Tutor, pull out your Book, and about it. — See what it is now to be a Wit.

Sir Toby at the Door within

Sir

Sir To. Sirrah ! who are you ? What do you keep Guard for ? Open the Door I say.

Plot. Aside to Lucy Harky'e Lucy ; we're all undone ; there's my old Master ; what shall we do ?

Lucy. Nay, as you brought me in, you must help me out.

Sir To. Open the Door I say.

Plot. We must hide our Prisoners, that's certain, *(Aside.)* Hark, Gentlemen, there's my Master Captain Scare-Devil at the Door, he's in a great Rage at something ; let me advise you to hide yourselves in these two empty Hogsheds ; if he misses you, I'll tell him you were set at Liberty by this Lady, his Daughter's Orders.—She must pacify her Father, and take another Time to consummate your Nuptials.

Tim. With all my Heart, Faith.

Ped. The Contrivance pleases me.—*Diogenes* the *Cynic* lived in a Tub.

After a Scuffle, Sir Toby, Sir Paul, &c. enter driving Snapfack in before them.

Sir To. So, *Plotwell* ! What's here a doing ? What dost do here with this Trull ? And why was that Rascal set to keep the Door ?

Val. Lucy, how came you hither ?

Sir Toby. What ! is your Rogueship dumbfounded ?

Plot. Sir, I only came down into the Cellar to drink my young Master and Mistress's Healths.

Sir To. Sirrah ! that shall not serve your Turn : I know your Rogue's Tricks well enough. Sir Paul here assures me that his Son lies hid somewhere in my House : Do you know any thing of the Matter ?

Plot. Indeed not I Sir, how should I know ?

Sir Paul. Pray, Sir Toby, let these Fellows be examined

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examined strictly ; there's some Mischief at Bottom, my Life on't.

Sir To. Sirrah, confess the Truth, or I'll find a Way to force it from you.

Plot. What would you have ? Out of nothing I can confess nothing.

Sir To. Fetch me a Couple of Horsewhips. I'll soften you, I warrant you. (*Servant goes out and returns with two Whips.*) So, strip these two Rascals.

(*They strip Plot. and Snap.*)

Snap. *Plotwell*, What shall we do ? I'll confess all.

Plot. Confess and be hanged if you will, I care not.

Sir To. Now give each of them a Whip, and let them scourge the Truth out of one another ; and if they favour one another, I'll send them both this Instant to *Bridewell*.

Plot. Come, *Snap*, behave thyself like a Man ; we can't confess more than we know.

Sir To. Come, come, begin, or to *Bridewell* ye go.

Plot. There's no Remedy, *Snap* ; come there's no Malice. (*Kisses him.*) Now begin ; thou shalt give the first Blow.

Snap. No, you must begin ; you're the greatest Knave, I am but an Understrapper.

Plot. Then I'll give thee the first Blow. (*Whips him.*) That's for keeping Centry no better.

(*They whip one another.*)

Sir To. Hold a little.—Well Gentlemen ; how dy'e like it ? Will you confess yet ?—What ! dumb still ? Nay, then you shall play out the Rubbers : Come, come, to it again.

Snap. O hold Sir ; I will confess.

Plot. Hold your Tongue, you Chicken-hearted Puppy. (*Strikes him.*)

Sir To. Go on ; What ! will you confess ?

Plot.

Plot. Well ! since I see it must out, if your good Worships will give me your pardon, I'll confess all I know.

Sir To. Be quick then, and speak the Truth.

Plot. First, Sir, I do confess that in order to prevent the Match which you designed for my Master to-day, I furnish'd Mr *Worthy* with the Means of visiting Mrs *Olivia*, and contriving their Escape together to be married ; and to make all sure, put Sir *Paul* out of Conceit with my Master *Valentine*, by meeting him with the Nurse and Bantling this Morning.

Sir Paul. Villain ! was that a Contrivance of yours then ? But what of my Son ?

Plot. Why Sir, I do confess that to prevent my young Mistress *Charlotte's* Marriage with your Son, I watched his Landing, decoy'd him hither, made him drunk, and have kept him Prisoner here ever since, that Mrs *Charlotte* might have Time and Opportunity to be married to Captain *Beaufort* ; which was done e'en now in the Cellar, by Mr *Pedant*, Sir *Paul's* Son's Tutor.

Sir To. My Daughter married, say'st thou, Villian ? Oh ! the Strumpet ! Run Sirrah, fetch her hither.

(To a Servant.

Sir Paul. But where is my Son ? Produce him, let me see him.

Plot. He and his Tutor are in those two Hogheads.

Sir Paul goes to the Hogheads ?

Sir Paul. Tim, Where art thou ?

Tim. Oh spare me, most noble Captian *Scare-devil* ! Indeed, I have not married your Daughter, nor ever will. Oh ——— Oh ! ———

Sir

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Sir Paul. What's that he says? Release him from his Prison, (*Servant tumbles Tim and Pedant out of the Hogsheds.*)

Tim, Oh! Oh! Oh!

Ped. *Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens cui Lumen ademptum.*

Sir Paul. *Timothy! Pedant!* Why don't you rise? Do you not know me? I am your Father, *Timothy.*

Tim. *peeps up.* Oh Tutor, Tutor, here's my Father, *Sir Paul Pliant*, come to redeem us already.

Ped. Oh *Sir Paul*, I am very glad to see you; you come in good Time to redeem us from Captivity, and the merciless Hands of Pirates.

Sir Paul. Pirates, quotha! What Villanies here have been transacting.

Sir Toby walks up and down in a great Passion,

Val. *follows him endeavouring to pacify him.*

Val. Sir, if you please.

Sir To. I tell you I am not pleased, nor ever will be pleased, till I've turn'd her out of Doors, and sent her Captain to the Devil.

Enter a Servant with Beaufort and Charlotte.

Char. Oh! Sir, upon my Knees, I beg your Pardon; hear me, and forgive me.

Sir To. Forgive thee, Sorcerers? Hast thou not brought a Scandal on thy Name and Family?—— Sieze that Villain. —— (*points at Beaufort.*) I'll have him hang'd or drown'd; or some way or another, I'll make an Example of him in the first Place.

Beau. draws. Hands off, ye Scoundrels;—— And know, *Sir Toby*, tho' I beg your Blessing, yet
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I scorn your Threats or Frowns : ——— Or use me like a Gentleman, or not at all. ——— Your Daughter is my Wife. — Who dares dispute my Title ?

Ped. Your Title, Sir, myself can well attest ; I join'd your Hands this Morning, tho' then ignorant of your Names and Qualities.

En tibi ego ignarus Thalamus Tædasque parabam,
As the Poet speaks.

Sir To. A Pox confound your Pedantick Noddle for your Pains.

Sir Paul. Come, Sir *Toby*, the Captain looks like a Gentleman. — Pray be pacify'd ; we'll all join our good Offices towards making up this Breach.

Beau. Gentlemen, I thank you ; I do confess my Sword is all my Wealth ; and faithful, honourable Love my only Merit : Fortune was cruel, and frown'd upon my younger Years, and drove me helpless and forlorn to wrestle with the bustling World. My Father was a Chevalier of *France*, his Name *Boureau*.

(All are surpriz'd but Sir Toby, who walks still about in a Passion.)

Sir Paul. Ha ! thou speak'st of Wonders. Go on.

Beau. I speak Truth, Sir ; these Gentlemen have known me long, tho' ignorant of my true Name and Family. Misfortunes drove my Father from his Home, with an Intention to settle here in *England*. — Seven Winters then had never snow'd upon my Head, but yet one Sister with myself attended him : In our Passage we were cast away. — Myself, by the Assistance of a Servant (who is since dead) escap'd upon some broken Timber to the Coast of *Holland* : We went to the *English* Army then

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then in *Flanders*, where I was bred, and ever since I have been able, have worn a Sword in the *English* Service: But my poor Father, and my helpless Sister, both were lost. (*Sir Paul runs and embraces him.*)

Sir Paul. My Son! my Son! O teach me Heav'n to receive these Bounties as I ought! 'Tis Joy ineffable, too rapturous, and too mighty for my Age to bear: See here the old *Boureau*, once wretched, now thy happy Father: See both thy Sisters too; this left behind in *France*, this sav'd from the the Fury of the Waves with me. *Olivia, Arabella*, embrace your Brother. — O let us all embrace.

Beau. My Father, and my Sisters! Unlook'd for Blessing! Joy has surpris'd my Tongue, and struck me Dumb. What shall I say? or how shall I express the crowding Transports of my struggling Soul? Oh my Father! Oh my Sisters!

Embracing them.

Tim. What! an't I my Father's only Son and Heir then?

Sir Paul. Unhappy *Timothy*! I've now no further Use for thee; thou art no Son of mine; but when (as I thought) just Heav'n had punish'd me with the Loss of him who was my real Son, I took thee in thy Childhood from thy Father, who was my Servant, and bred thee as my own: Now thou art what thou wert again; but be of good Cheer, I will provide for thee as thou shalt merit.

Lucy. 'Egad, I find I had like to have been bubbled; I'm glad they came as they did, I had been marry'd to the Fool else.

Sir Paul. Now, *Sir Toby*, I particularly become your Suitor, that all may be forgiv'n. I hope you're now satisfied as well as I, that there is no further Cause

Cause of Anger left: I hope you will forgive your Children, and the Frailty of my Age.

Sir *To*. Forgive thee, Man, ay, with all my Heart, Blood and Guts. — Dear *Val*. let me kiss thee. — He was always the best-natur'd Boy in the World. — Right Father, Faith. — You too my *Charlotte*; — my Children all, I give you Joy. — Joy to all the Company.

Sir *Paul*. My Blessings too attend you all, my Children. — Well, Sir *Toby*, this has been a long perplex'd Business, and has at last taken a quite different and much happier Turn than all our wise Fore-sight and Design could promise; tho' the surprising Turns of Fortune are nothing new to me. — The Story of my Life is full of such Examples. — Within at Dinner you shall hear it all, by what Accidents I was forc'd to leave my native Country, and to change my Name. — It may be no ill Addition to our Entertainment,

*How weak alas! is all the Pow'r of Man,
His Strength all impotent, his Counsel vain;
Heav'n in a Moment all our Schemes destroys,
And weighs our Merit in an equal Poize;
Exerts o'er all an arbitrary Sway,
And will afflict or bless us in its own just Way.*

F I N I S



PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

OUR Author owns (he hopes, without Offence)
He treats not wholly at his own Expence :
Yet gives you no whipp'd Sillabubs of *France*,
Serv'd up with Sing-song, Ribaldry, and Dance.
Terentian Humour, join'd with *Cowley's* Wit,
Tho' coarsely cook'd, would be substantial Meat:
But we dare promise, in the present Play,
A *Roman* Supper,—dress'd the *Roman* Way.

Forgive the Metaphors thus oddly chose !
'Twas done in pure Good-nature to the Beaux.
Thus teach we *Horace* to this Race of Cooks,
More skilled in Soups than conversant in Books.
Terence, we tell them, had the Rules by Heart;
Dispos'd his Dishes with the utmost Art;
But kept the healthful Appetite in view,
And season'd not his Sauce *au grand Haut-Gout*
Simple, tho' elegant, was each Design:
On such the *Scipio's* of that Age could dine.

Nor need we doubt, but such an honest Feast
Will please the *Scipio's* of this Age, at least ;
The Few who judge by Reason, not by Rote,
And plead not Custom for a tasteless Vote.
If they can relish what our Scenes present,
Sit thro' the Meal, then move away content,
The rest may rail: Our Host shall count his Guests,
Not by their Number, — but more solid Tests.

EPI.



EPILOGUE:

To be spoken by SILVIA.

TO you, grave Judges of the Pit, I'm come,
To know our bashful Poet's final Doom;
Yonder he stands, in a most piteous Case,
Trembling to hear what Sentence you shall pass.

He humbly begg'd, that I his Cause wou'd plead;
Those moving Eyes (said he) must needs succeed:
The Beaux you'll doubtless to our Party gain,
Those gen'rous Sparks can't bear a Maid complain,
Hear her for Mercy sue, and let her sue in vain.
Those damning Blades, the Criticks, most I dread,
Who seldom mind what's by a Woman said,
Except —'tis in a Corner, or a Bed.
There, there, indeed, you cannot be withstood;
Criticks themselves are made of Flesh and Blood.

I heard, with Patience, what he had to say;
But first, like a true Lawyer, took my Fee,
Then promis'd him my Interest for his Play.
And since I'm Council for the Poet chose,
I'll plead his Cause, tho' I were sure to lose.
Well then——Consider, Sirs, our Bard is young,
'Tis the first Time his modest Muse e'er sung;

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Her

Her aukward Notes let your Indulgence spare,
 She'll sing more artfully another Year:
 'Twasn't a Day did *Rome's* bright Fabrick rear.
 A tender Plant soon withers and decays,
 Unless 'tis warm'd with the Sun's genial Rays,
 So droops the Infant Muse, her Spirit gone,
 Without the enliv'ning *Plaudit* of the Town.
 But, after all, shoudn't his Cause prove good,
 And you're resolv'd to nip him in the Bud;
 Yet for my sake this Favour grant him still;
 Let him live one Third Night, then ——damn him
 if you will.



F I N I S.



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